MUNSTER VILLAGE.

SOON after Lord Munſter's arrival in London, he wrote Lady Darnley the following letter.

From the Earl of Munſter to the Counteſs of Darnley.

"My Dear Aunt,

Overpowered as I am with a weight of obligations, I ſhould think myſelf highly wanting to my own feelings, were I in any one inſtance in my future life to leave you dubious of my gratitude, or the earneſt deſire I have of conforming to your wiſhes.

You have, my dear Madam, expreſſed your deſire I ſhould marry; but that, my dear aunt, is impoſſible at preſent. But I revere that ſtate: men who laugh at a ſerious engagement, have never known the allurements of modeſty when blended with affability, nor felt the power of beauty when innocence has increaſed its force. This has been

been my caſe, and my heart is already a prey to a hopeleſs paſſion. But it is neceſſary to carry you back ſome years, in order to give a recital of its commencement.

The amiable character of Mr. Vanhagen, my landlord at Rotterdam, you are already acquainted with: his humanity and benevolence inſpired me with the greateſt reſpect. The advantages his countrymen have over us, are their induſtry, vigilance, and warineſs: But they in general exert them to exceſs, by which means they turn their virtues into vices. Their induſtry becomes rapine, their vigilance fraud, their warineſs cunning. But my worthy landlord poſſeſſed all the virtues.

He had in the early part of his life reſided much at Venice, and brought from thence the œconomy and frugality which diſtinguiſh them in their private families, their temperance, their inviolable ſecrecy of public and private affairs, and a certain ſteadineſs and ſerenity to which the Engliſh are ſuppoſed to be utter ſtrangers. His long reſidence there, made him well known to the Dutcheſs de Salis, whoſe diſtant relation he had married.

This lady had reſided ſome years at Rotterdam with her family. She was only daughter to the Count de Trevier, was heireſs to a large fortune, and poſſeſſed exquiſite beauty, good-ſenſe, and every accompliſhment

accomplishment that was likely to preserve and to improve the authority beauty gives to make it *indefectible* and *interminable*. But the Duke, her husband, unfortunately was soon satiated with the regularity of her virtues: His affections could not long be preserved by a woman of her amiable undisguised character. When custom had taken off the edge from his passion, he endeavoured to rouse his torpid mind by a change of object. That vivacity which the tender passions impart to pleasure, was a powerful incentive for him to indulge them. His heart found fresh delight in gallantry, to which he was naturally prone: a dangerous delight, which, habituating the mind to the most lively transports, gives it a distaste to all moderate and temperate enjoyments: from thenceforward the innocent and tranquil joys which nature offers, lose all their relish. His sophisticated mind made him blind to the merit of his wife, who loved him tenderly.—She felt most severely his neglect, and contracted insensibly a settled melancholy, which served the more effectually to alienate his affections from her. She became miserable:—and no temper can be so invincibly good as to hold out against the siege of constant slights and neglects. Misfortunes she had strength of mind to support, and death she could have encountered with greater resolution

than the displeasure and peevishness of the man she loved. Wherever there is love, there is a degree of fear—we are naturally afraid of offending, or of doing any thing which may lessen us in the esteem of an object that is dear to us: and if we are conscious of any act by which we may have incurred displeasure, we are impatient and miserable, till by intreaties and tokens of submission, we have expiated the offence and are restored to favor.

By the duchess's earnest solicitude to please, she destroyed her own purpose; and her obedience, like water flung upon a raging fire, only inflamed her husband's follies; and therefore, when he was in an ill humour, the duke vented his rage on her. He did not care *how* often *he quarrelled* with, or, to speak more properly, how often *he insulted* her; for that could not be called a quarrel wherein she acted no part but *that of suffering*. But though his displeasure was grievous to her,—yet she could bear it better than his indifference—for resentment argues some degree of regard. But whilst she was breaking her heart for him, he past his time in gallantry—though his affections were always the satire of a woman's virtue—the ruin of a woman's reputation.

A favourite mistress, by pursuing a different plan from that of the duchess, secured his affections. She kept alive his ardour by

her caprices. *Affectation* always exceeds the *reality*. But—is not the extravagance of some men's fancy to be pitied, who lodge all their paſſions in a miſtreſs, a dog, or a horſe, which but in general do them no ſervice but what they are prompted to through neceſſity or inſtinct? Art and cunning are *unknown* to a woman of virtue, whoſe conduct is determined by her principles, whoſe anxiety alone is excited by affection.

After five years, in which the ducheſs had a ſon and daughter, and in which ſhe had experienced many of the *vexations*, but few of the *ſatisfactions* of a married ſtate; the duke left her, and reſided entirely in Paris with his miſtreſs. She retired to the country, to a family ſeat of her father's, and devoted her time entirely to the education of her children, and that of a young lady (of great beauty and fortune) whoſe mother with her laſt breath bequeathed to her care. She from time to time wrote the duke letters, expreſſing great reſignation, and ſuch a tenderneſs for him as ſhe thought might have power to touch his heart. "I am obedient to your wiſhes," ſaid ſhe, "I will not urge, with one unwelcome word, this unkindneſs—I'll conceal it—If your heart has made a choice more worthy, I forgive it—purſue your pleaſures—drive without a rein your paſſions—I am the miſtreſs of my

own mind, that ſhall not mutiny—If I retrieve you, I ſhall be thankful—If not, you *are* and muſt be ſtill *my lord*."

To letters ſuch as theſe ſhe never received any anſwer! as the charms of a woman's eloquence never have any force, when thoſe of her perſon are expired (in the eyes of her lover I mean): it might be perhaps as eaſy to perſuade a man to dance, who had loſt the uſe of his limbs.

I ſhall paſs over the firſt ten years of her retirement, as they furniſh nothing more than the unwearied attentions ſhe took in employing every means for the inſtruction of her ſon, daughter and ward. I ſhall only obſerve, that the regularity of her conduct gained her the eſteem of every one. She was a friend to virtue under any denomination, and an enemy to vice under any colour. She eſtabliſhed an inſtitution for the proviſion of the infirm and deſtitute. This was conſtructed on that wiſe and excellent plan, that excludes the undeſerving from participating in the charity, and extends only to thoſe who, from their real neceſſities, are proper objects of benevolence.—At that period ſhe was adviſed to take her ſon to the capital. But ſhe wiſely conſidered that the education which commonly attends high birth or great fortune, very often corrupts or ſophiſticates nature; whilſt in thoſe of the middle ſtate ſhe remains unmixed and

unaltered. I have ſomewhere read; *Jamais les grandes paſſions et les grandes vertus ne ſont nees, & ne ſe ſont nourries que dans le ſilence & la retraite. L'homme en ſociete perd tous ſes traits diſtinctifs: ce n'eſt plus qu' une froide copie de ce qui l'environne. Voila pour quelle raiſon on nous accuſe de manquer de charactere: nous ne vivons pas aſſez avec nous-memes, & nous empruntons trop des autres.*

The ducheſs procured for her ſon's tutor, a very reſpectable man, who was at the utmoſt pains in forming his morals, and improving his underſtanding; while ſo many of the degenerate nobility in great cities are trifling away their time, and their fortunes, in idle diſſipations, in ſenſual enjoyments, or irrational diverſions, and making mere amuſement the great buſineſs of their lives. Happineſs and merit are the reſult, not ſo much of truth and knowledge, as of attaining integrity and moderation. Many ridiculed the ducheſs's plan of education, of debarring herſelf from thoſe pleaſures and enjoyments her youth, rank, and beauty ſo well intitled her to: But ſhe often obſerved it would be the height of imbecility to judge of her felicity by the imagination of others; conſidering nothing under the title of happineſs, but what ſhe wiſhed to be in the poſſeſſion of, or what was the reſult of her own voluntary choice. Women of the world

counteract their intention, in ſo aſſiduouſly courting pleaſure, as it only makes it fly further from them. They will not underſtand, that pleaſure is to be purchaſed, and that induſtry is the price of it; to reject the one, is to renounce the other. They are to learn that pleaſure, which they idolize, muſt now and then be *quitted* in order to be *regained*. They have tried in vain to perpetuate it, by attempting variety and refinement. Their fertile invention has multiplyed the objects of amuſement, and created new ones every day, without making any real acquiſition. All theſe fantaſtic pleaſures, which are founded on variety, make no laſting impreſſions on the mind; they only ſerve to prove the impoſſibility of permanent happineſs, of which ſome women entertain *chimerical expectations*: but the ducheſs was too rational to make amuſement her principal object. A woman that is hurried away by a fondneſs for it, is, generally ſpeaking, a very uſeleſs member of the community: A party of pleaſure will make her forget every connection: and ſhe is often ſick without knowing *where* her complaint *lies*, becauſe ſhe has nothing *to do*, and is tired of being *well*.

The ducheſs had loved her huſband paſſionately. If any perſon had a deſire of ingratiating themſelves with her, they had only to begin by him: To praiſe, to pleaſe,

or admire him, opened to them a reception in her heart. But our beſt virtues, when puſhed to a certain degree, are on the point of becoming vices: She ſoon found ſhe was to blame, in dedicating herſelf ſo fondly even to this beloved object. She exhauſted her whole ſenſibility on him, and in proportion to the ſtrength of her attachment, was the mortification ſhe endured in being abandoned by him. But had not even this been her fate, the extravagant exceſſes of paſſion are but too generally followed by an intolerable languor. The woman who wiſhes to preſerve her huſband's affection, ſhould be careful to conceal from him the extent of *hers:* there ſhould be always ſomething left for him to expect. Fancy governs mankind: and when the imagination is cloyed, reaſon is a ſlave to caprice.

Women do not want judgment to determine, penetration to foreſee, nor reſolution to execute, and Providence has not given them beauty to create love, without underſtanding to preſerve it. The pleaſures of which they are ſuſceptible, are proportioned to the capacity and juſt extent of their feelings. They are not made for thoſe raptures which tranſport them beyond themſelves: theſe are a kind of convulſions, which can never laſt. But there are infinite numbers of pleaſures, which though they make ſlighter impreſſions, are nevertheleſs more valuable.

valuable. Theſe are renewed every day under different forms, and inſtead of excluding each other, unite together in happy concert, producing that temperate glow of mind which preſerves it vigorous, and keeps it in a delightful equanimity. How much are thoſe of the fair-ſex to be pitied who are inſenſible to ſuch attainments, and who look upon life as gloomy, which is exempt from the agitation of unruly paſſions! As ſuch prepoſſeſſions deprive them of pleaſures which are much preferable to thoſe which ariſe from dangerous attachments, the Ducheſs knew how to make choice of her amuſements, and *improved* her *underſtanding* at the ſame time that ſhe *gratified* her *feelings*. Life, to thoſe who know how to make a proper uſe of it, is ſtrewed with delights of every kind, which, in their turn, flatter the ſenſes and the mind; but the latter is never ſo agreeably engaged as in the converſation of intelligent perſons, who are capable of conveying both inſtruction and entertainment. The Ducheſs preferred the converſation of *ſuch*, to *men of the world*; being ſenſible ſhe had every thing *to gain* on *one ſide*, and every thing *to loſe* on *the other*.

The Baron de Luce reſided in the ſame part of the country. He was a man of great gallantry, wit, and humour. He judged it impoſſible that a woman in the bloom

bloom of beauty, poſſeſſed of the united advantages reſulting from rank, riches, and youth, ſhould retire to an obſcure part of the world, and ſequeſter herſelf from (what he judged) the pleaſures of life, without being *compelled* by her huſband or *prompted* by ſome ſecret inclination which ſhe wiſhed to conceal. Determined to unravel this myſtery, and to amuſe himſelf during the time he ſtaid in the neighbourhood, he tried to inſinuate himſelf into her good opinion—but without giving any offence ſhe avoided entering into his plans. He ſtill perſiſted in his intentions, judging, as he wrote well, the ducheſs would be glad to enter into a correſpondence; but he found nothing in the reception ſhe gave him that was for his purpoſe, *to embelliſh the hiſtory of his amours*. But what he undertook at firſt from vanity, became at laſt ſufficient puniſhment for him. The more he ſaw of her conduct the more his reſpect increaſed, but which inſtead of making him relinquiſh his *intentions* (from a conviction of the inefficacy of the purſuit) made him perſiſt *in them*, as he *then felt* the paſſion which at *firſt he feigned*.

The ducheſs knew the predicament on which he ſtood; but as *the hatred* of men of a certain character is *leſs* pernicious than *their love*, ſhe gave orders never to admit him into her preſence. The good or bad reputation of women depends not ſo much

upon

upon the propriety of their own conduct, as it does upon a lucky or unlucky combination of circumstances in certain situations. Some men calumniate them for no other reason, but because they are in love with them. They revenge themselves upon them for the want of that merit which renders them despicable in their eyes. This was the case with the Baron; he insinuated there were reasons which he knew that rendered it highly proper for the duchess to live in the manner *she did*, speaking in a *style* which conveyed more than met the ear! The people he addressed greedily listened to what seemed to bring the duchess more on a footing with themselves; a thousand stories were circulated to her prejudice (though innocence itself): Thus if there be but the least foundation for slander, some people believe themselves fully authorized to publish whatever malice *dares invent*. But there are no enemies more dangerous to the reputation of women, than lovers that cannot gain the reciprocal affection of their mistresses. These reports were confirmed from another cause——A lady of fortune in the neighbourhood became much attached to a man who resided with the duchess as her son's tutor; he was ingenuous, sensible, and much respected. She offered him her hand, and as she possessed a handsome fortune could not conceive how he could decline

cline that happineſs. As he was conſtantly at home, agreeable to the ſtories that had been circulated, ſhe concluded at once (and then affirmed) he was a favourite of the duchеſs.

Self-love is of the nature of the polypus; though you ſever her branches or arms, and even divide her trunk, yet ſhe finds means to reproduce herſelf. In conſequence of the information the duke received from this lady, who wrote to him in the character of an anonymous friend, he left Paris and his miſtreſs abruptly; and, to the great ſurpriſe of his wife, came to——. He accoſted her in a diſtant, but reſpectful manner.——Nothing gives ſo ſharp a point to one's averſion as good breeding——The ducheſs, unconſcious of having given him any occaſion of offence, was highly delighted at his return, flattering herſelf with a return of his affection. And as ſhe conſidered him the aggreſſor, received him graciouſly, inſiſting that no mention ſhould be made of paſt tranſactions; aſſuring him that ſhe ſtill retained the ſame love for him, and as ſhe regarded him as the firſt of human beings, had perhaps been too ſanguine in expecting his conſtancy, as ſo many temptations muſt occur from his ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind. She thought he was but too amiable—that his very *vices* had charms beyond any other men's *virtues*. Adding, that

(grievous

(grievous as his neglect had been to her) yet ſhe had never done any thing that could reflect upon his honor! He heard her in a ſullen humour; his inclinations *were revived* by remarking, that time, inſtead of *diminiſhing*, had *added to her charms*: this increaſed his reſentment, and he anſwered, that the worſt a bad woman can do, is to make herſelf ridiculous; it is on herſelf only that ſhe can entail infamy——but men of honor have a degree of it to maintain, ſuperior to that which is in a woman's keeping. Had ſhe had a mind to retaliate, ſhe might eaſily have ſaid, that a man of honor and virtue which, in themſelves indeed, are always inſeparably connected, are but too often ſeparated in the abſurd and extravagant opinions of mankind. For what a ſtrange perverſion of reaſon is it, to call a perſon a man of honor who has ſcarcely a grain of virtue! She only obſerved, we are indeed civilized into brutes; and a falſe idea of honor has almoſt reduced us into Hob's firſt ſtate of nature, by making us barbarous. Honor now is no more than an imaginary being, worſhipped by men of *the world*, to which they frequently offer human ſacrifices. He told her ſhe needed not *be troubled for her minion*: and retiring to reſt, left her quite at a loſs to account for his conduct.

It

It is not ſufficient we know our own innocence; it is neceſſary, for a woman's happineſs, not to be ſuſpected.

For unfortunately after ſhe has been once cenſured (however falſely) ſhe muſt expect the envenomed ſhafts of malice ever ready to be let fly at her, and that in the tranſaction of any affairs that will admit of two interpretations (to avoid the worſt, and enjoy an unblemiſhed reputation) It is not enough to govern herſelf with propriety, there muſt be nothing that will carry two interpretations in the *accidents of her life*: A woman muſt therefore be neceſſarily always guilty, when innocence has need of many juſtifications. Happy are thoſe who are not expoſed to ſuch inconveniencies!

The duke moſt injuidciouſly next morning publicly diſmiſſed the object of his jealouſy, and by his want of prudence confirmed every thing that had been falſely alledged againſt his innocent wife, who continued ignorant of it for ſome months. When acquainted with it The leſs ground ſhe ſaw for the reports againſt her honor, the more courage and greater reſolution ſhe had to condemn them. She thought herſelf unfortunate to have loſt the merit of her innocence by ſcandalous reports which ſhe thanked Heaven ſhe had not incurred by her guilt: and was ſo far from ſlighting the probabilities that might confirm opinions founded againſt her, that ſhe by no means thought herſelf in the ſame ſi-

tuation with others, who had never *been examined*, and that consequently she was not at liberty to act on some occasions as *they might do*.

How many women *err* from the obstinacy of people in defaming them!——they give up the point, despairing of success in conciliating the esteem of a world who never *retract censure*——It is not with detraction as is with other things that displease by repetition: Stories that have been told a thousand times, are still new when revived to the prejudice of another. The duchess bore all these calumnies with patience, *which* was never yet *a solitary virtue*; like an angler she endeavoured to humour the duke's waywardness, flattering herself that her study to please would conquer his disagreeable temper; and that if she could not become a pleasing wife, she might at least be thought an agreeable companion, a serviceable friend. Hope was the only blessing left us, when Pandora's fatal box let out all the numberless evils which infest these sublunary regions. But she was at last obliged to resign all ideas of submitting longer to his caprices. He became jealous even of his menial servants; and she could speak to no man without incurring his suspicions; which produced to her the most mortifying scenes. Like that conqueror of China, who forced his subjects into a general revolt, because he wanted to oblige them to cut their hair

hair and their nails, he reduced her to form the resolution of leaving him, because (as he represented it) *he had dismissed a servant*. But it was in reality his temper and abuse that occasioned it—and when she was under the necessity of taking that step, she rather let the world judge amiss of her, than justify herself at her husband's expence. No condescensions on *her* part could affect *him*, as daily experience convinced her, that from a consciousness of the part he *himself* had acted, he could never *love her*. Are there not many occasions in life in which it would be reasonable to say, *I conjure you to forget and forgive the injury you have done me?*

They at last parted amicably: she came to Rotterdam with her family, and there I contracted an intimacy with her son, who was an amiable young man about my own age. There I first beheld the lovely Adelaide, Countess de Sons, the duchess's niece the first time I saw *her*, and the charming Julia, I know I had a *heart*, until then I was insensible—These young ladies were instructed in all the arts of Minerva; Julia was skilled in music; but the countess's voice was accompanied with the lyre, more moving than that of Orpheus. Her hair hung waving in the wind without any ornament, which the duchess had taught her to despise: her motions were all gracefully easy, her smiles enchanting; without dress

ſhe had beauty, unconſcious of any, and thus were heightened all her charms.

The marquis enquired what I thought of his ſiſter, and her fair friend? I anſwered, "They were charming," and aſked if it was poſſible he had reſiſted the charms of the beautiful counteſs? He replied, "I will own to you, my dear friend, I have not;" Adelaude is formed for love; my heart is naturally ſuſceptible; ſhe has been my conſtant companion: he muſt be ſomething more, or ſomething leſs than a man (a god or a devil) who hath eſcaped, or who can reſiſt love's empire.—The gods of the heathens could not; Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, Appollo, their amours are as famous as their names: ſo that ſturdineſs in human nature, where it is found, which can reſiſt, argues plainly how much the devil is wrought up in the compoſition. But if my ſenſibility had not been ſo great, yet ſo many opportunities ſhe has had to engage my affections, could not fail of rivetting me her's for ever." "You are beloved then," ſaid I haſtily. "Yes," replied he, "Adelaude calls me her deareſt brother; but entertains no ideas beyond that relation; and I am fearful of letting her know the extent of my ſentiments, leſt it ſhould render her conſtrained in her manner to me; and the charming *naivete* of her behaviour forms the charms of my life! The marks of that

innocent

innocent affection, which firſt attached me to her, have hitherto been looked upon as a childiſh play: and as no one has troubled their head about the conſequences of it, I have taken care to profit by the liberty allowed me.——You make me no anſwer!—— Wherefore this gloomy ſilence, your dejected air, and languiſhing looks?" I pretended an indiſpoſition, and left him under the greateſt oppreſſure of ſpirits; I loved, I adored the charming counteſs! judge then of the horror of my ſituation.——

How many ſacrifices could I not willingly have made to friendſhip! My paſſion I thought was indeed the only one I could not make: how was it poſſible I ſhould? but convinced of the happineſs of my rival, what did I not ſuffer? I ſaw a pair of happy lovers, ſuited to each other; I thought it would be baſe to alienate her affections; and conſidered myſelf only in the light of a dependent on your bounty: in ſuch a ſituation, had my friend been unintereſted, could I hazard addreſſing a young lady of the counteſs's rank and fortune? I became melancholy and *diſtrait*. Many people, and particularly thoſe who have no idea of that delicacy of paſſion peculiar to ſuſceptible minds, looked on me as a particular kind of a young man. To pleaſe ſuch perſons, I muſt have devoted my time to them: you will eaſily conceive then, I could well enough

bear the want of their good opinion. Such become the artificers of their own misfortunes, by the falſe idea they form of pleaſure, and the philtre (if I may uſe the term) their own ſorrows.

It was what is called pleaſure, that ſunk into ruin the ancient ſtates of Greece; that deſtroyed the Romans, that overturns cities, that corrupts courts, that exhauſts the fortunes of the great; that conſumes youth; that has a retinue compoſed of ſatiety, indigence, ſickneſs and death. But *my paſſion*, as much as a *diſlike* to their *manner of life*, ſecured me from *their diſſipations*. The conſtant endeavours I uſed to ſuppreſs an inclination I could not overcome, had a fatal effect on my conſtitution——I was threatened with a conſumption!—This I carefully concealed, leſt your kindneſs ſhould have urged my removal from a place, which I could not determine to quit; though I carefully avoided the ſight of thoſe who were intereſting to me in it.

At this time the marquis received a peremptory command to rejoin his father. He came to me in the greateſt diſtreſs: "How" ſaid he, "can I reſolve to leave the counteſs? She is now beautiful as an angel, excluſive of her immenſe fortune, to remain ſingle cannot poſſibly be long in her power, for her beauty muſt neceſſarily ſtrike every eye, and charm every heart. But I will go and unburthen

unburthen myſelf to my father; her riches and rank will inſure his approbation. You my friend, alone are acquainted with the ſecret of my heart. See the lovely Adelaude often; to you I confide the ſecrets of my ſoul. Farewel."

The marquis ſet out, and ſoon informed me that his father would not yet hear of his marriage, and had inſiſted on his immediately joining a regiment in which he had procured him a command: It was in time of war; his honor at ſtake, and love was ſubordinate to his glory. The ſuſceptible mind is capable of enjoying a thouſand exquiſite delights to which thoſe are ſtrangers, whoſe pleaſures are leſs refined; but what chegrin, what regret, what pain does not ſo delicate a paſſion bring on the heart that entertains it? *Quand on eſt ne trop tendre, on ne doit pas aimer*, ſays ſome French author. But the ſufferings of my friend could not equal mine; the object of my paſſion being daily before my eyes heightened my inquietude. The general characters of men, I am apt to believe, are determined by their natural conſtitutions, as their particular actions are by their immediate objects. The innocent marks of partiality ſhe honored me with, made me in conſtant fears of acting diſhonorably to the marquis. The ducheſs fell ſoon after into a languiſhing illneſs, which in a ſhort time put a period to her life. The

duke came, but *too late*, to receive her laſt breath. He at firſt appeared inconſolable for her death but his grief inſenſibly decreaſed, and ſoftened into that mournful and tender regard, which a ſenſe of her merit, and his own unkindneſs to her, could not fail of exacting from him. Diſguſted at an union, which had cauſed him (from his own errors) ſo much uneaſineſs, he formed a reſolution carefully to avoid entering again into a ſimilar engagement. But he ſaw every day before him the lovely Adelaude: he loved her; it was perhaps impoſſible for him to do otherwiſe. He declared his paſſion; but was rejected; The counteſs told him her affections were engaged! Next day I received the following letter.

From the Counteſs de Sons to the Earl of Munſter.

My Lord,

I am well aware of the delicacy which preſcribes certain obſervances to our ſex. But there is no rule in life which muſt not vary with circumſtances. Come to me this evening; Julia will be with me.—Adieu.

ADELAUDE de SONS.

I went—Aſtoniſhed at the ſtep ſhe had taken, the cheeks of the lovely Adelaude glowed with the moſt lovely red; her eyes ſparkled

ed with the brighteſt luſtre; while the loves and graces hovered round her charming form, and fluttered on her breaſt—Love, almighty love, preceded her ſteps, when ſhe approached me. Heavens! how quick my heart beat at that inſtant with pleaſing hope! I endeavoured to ſpeak to her, but heſitated and trembled. After a few moments' expreſſive ſilence, I deſired to know what commands ſhe meant to honor me with? She was greatly confuſed, but at length told me the diſemma ſhe was in from the declaration of the duke's paſſion. To ſupport my politics, I began and talked of my friend.

She told me that his partiality was no ſecret to her, although he had never diſcloſed it, but that ſhe rejoiced at his abſence, as it would enable him to triumph over a paſſion ſhe could *not return*. Surpriſed at this declaration, I ſhould have been wanting to myſelf not to improve it. But love only can give an idea of thoſe pleaſures we enjoyed in each other's company with reciprocal tenderneſs. But *it* affords few ſweets that are not daſhed with a mixture of bitterneſs. Happy moments! how ſoon ye fled! a ſad remembrance only of that delightful interval left behind. Ah no, it is impoſſible I ſhould ever forget that day in which ſhe firſt confeſſed thoſe ſentiments for me my heart had long divined, the aſſur-

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ance of which, nevertheleſs, gave me inexpreſſible tranſport. But when I reflected on my friend, and that of my deprefſed circumſtances, it gave a ſudden check to my joy. My ſighs, my tears, made known to her the diſtreſs of my heart! I could only utter the name of *my friend*, and wrung my hands in deſpair. She ſoothed my uneaſineſs. "This is the fatal ſtroke I feared," ſaid the gentle Adelaide; "this is what my forboding heart preſaged. But your intereſt does not interfere with his, for whom I never experienced any thing more but that of a *ſiſterly affection*."

I then acquainted her with my dependent ſituation: that I ſhould be hurt at allying her ſo unſuitably, though had I had the wealth of worlds it would have been hers. She told me her eſtate was ſufficient to enrich me; that the duke talked of leaving Rotterdam, ſhe dreaded being in the power of a man ſo impetuous, who would ſtick at nothing to gratify his paſſions; and that ſhe would place herſelf under my protection. Infatuated I was, not to comply with her requeſt! My friend's woes wounded me to the quick: falſe honor determined me to write and inform him of the ſtate of the affair, previous to my taking advantage of her inclination for me. I wrote inſtantly to the marquis, but a few days after the duke ſet out for Italy with his family. The

night

night before their departure I ſaw the counteſs. "Thou muſt go," ſaid I, "and with thee all my joy, my happineſs, my only hope—Go and take with thee all my heart holds dear, all that is left for me is deſpair. Reaſon will reſume its empire over love, and you will forget a poor unfortunate, who hath nothing to offer but the moſt pure and ardent affection; an affection in which conſiſts all the happineſs of his life."

"Ah, my lord," ſaid ſhe, "forbear to ſpeak a language ſo injurious to your merit and my ſentiments. Can I ceaſe to love you? Can I forget you? No! whilſt my heart beats it will be yours, and yours only, —I will preſerve myſelf for you, and nothing can ever make me forgetful of the engagements I have made with you."

The conflict of contending paſſions had tortured me ſo much, that I confeſs, I was rather relieved, when they ſet out, and when it was out of my power to have realized the charming ſcheme the counteſs had ſuggeſted to me. What forbearance did it not coſt me? Nothing is more common than for men to declaim againſt thoſe things which they are not in a capacity to enjoy: Diogenes ſaid to Ariſtippus the courtier, as he paſſed him in his tub, "If you could content yourſelf as I do, with *bread* and *garlick*, you would not be the *ſlave* of the King of Syracuſe."

"And

"And you," replied Ariſtippus, "if you *knew* how to *live with princes*, you would not make ſuch *bad cheer*."

Perhaps the circumſtances of age, health and fortune, vary the taſte, and regulate the appetites of mankind more than reaſon and reflection.

But every thing conſpired to render the ſacrifice I had made a *great one* to *friendſhip*. I ſoon received the following letter from Julia."

"My Lord,

The counteſs is ſo cloſely watched, that ſhe cannot write. Would to God you had followed your inclinations! We are going to Sweden: follow us, if poſſible, and repair the error you have committed. I am fearful ſhe will be conſtrained to chuſe another huſband. Adieu.

JULIA de VILLEROI.

Upon the receipt of this letter I went to Sweden; but could hear no tidings of thoſe I purſued. I became quite melancholy, and ſeldom went abroad, but could not refuſe being introduced by the Baron de R——— to the Queen Dowager, who is an exalted character: ſhe is ſiſter to the reigning King of Pruſſia, is the avowed protectreſs of letters, and encourager of merit; and during her huſband's

husband's life possessed almost an unlimited influence over affairs of state; but at present leads a more retired and secluded life. She is perfect mistress of Latin, as well as the modern languages.

The present king of Sweden at the age of twenty-six changed the form of government, without blood or difficulty. Sweden can boast of her two Gustavus's, the first and second; nor are her Christina, or her Charles, unknown to fame. In what country is not the name of Peter celebrated, the greatest legislator that modern times have seen? Hearing no tidings of the duke's family, I made out my northern tour. In Denmark the sun of genius has not yet blazed from a throne, and shed a temporary lustre on the surrounding darkness; if we except the celebrated Margaret de Waldemar, to whom history has given the epithet of the *Semiramis* of the north, who united under her reign all the kingdoms beneath the polar sky, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. There are, however, two favorite monarchs of Danish story. The first of these was Christian IV. who was the opponent and competitor of Gustavus Adolphus, but with far inferior fame. The last was Frederic IV. This prince loved the arts, and made two visits to Italy, one previous to his ascending the throne, and one after it. During a carnival at Venice, he resided

in that city, and in one evening is ſaid to have won, at the card-table, a bank worth one hundred thouſand pounds ſterling, which he immediately preſented to a noble Venetian lady in whoſe houſe this happened, and whoſe whole fortunes were involved in this game of chance: All the company were in maſque.

I cannot omit mentioning the literary merit of the ladies in Denmark, which has already been taken notice of by Lord Moleſworth, who ſays, that Tycho Brahe's ſiſter, and eſpecially Dorothea Engelerechtie, may contend with the famous poeteſſes of the ancients. The lady Brigetta Tot has tranſlated Seneca the philoſopher into the Daniſh tongue, with all the elegance any language is capable of, and has conſpired with our ingenious countrywoman Miſs Carter*, to ſhew that the moſt rugged philoſophy of the ſtoics muſt ſubmit, when the fair ſex is pleaſed to conquer. But I forget who I am writing to—Thanks to your extenſive reading—I have nothing to tell you that has been written and publiſhed before, I ſhall only obſerve, that I met with many ingenious men abroad who held the Engliſh cheap. I can account for this in no other way, than that they form their judgment of us only by the *philoſophical tranſactions*.

* Miſs Carter tranſlated Epictetus.

actions. Abſorbed in deep melancholy, on account of my ignorance of the fate of Counteſs de Sons, I went little into company, but applied myſelf conſtantly to ſtudy: I amuſed myſelf in painting; the cataract of the river Dahl is the ſubject of one of my pieces. The tremendous roar of theſe cataracts, which when cloſe, is ſuperior to the loudeſt thunder; the vapours which riſe inceſſantly from them, and even obſcure them from the eye in many parts; the agitation of the river below for ſeveral hundred yards before it reſumes its former tranquillity; and the ſides covered with tall firr; form one of the moſt picturesque and aſtoniſhing ſcenes to be beheld in nature's volume.

Wrapt up one day in the contemplation of this ſcene, Lord Ogilby whom I became acquainted with at Upſal, approached me under an apparent agitation of ſpirits. We lived much together, but I had obſerved him very abſent, and miſſed him ſeveral evenings. My Lord, ſaid he, near this place reſides all that my ſoul holds dear: I am in love—in love, to a degree I never felt till now. I am myſelf aſtoniſhed at it. But blame me not until you ſee the object of my affections. He ſaid, that he had been charmed with a young woman's figure and beauty, and that ſhe appeared to be poſſeſſed of the greateſt modeſty, prudence,

and good humour. He finished his panegyric with saying, *how happy will that man be who first inspires her gentle heart with love!*

I accompanied Lord Ogilby (who remained silent) for about a hundred yards, when we approached a cottage.

A window being opened, he said to me, There, my Lord, you can see her without being observed. I looked, and beheld a most exquisite beauty. She was of a fair complexion, had fine full blue languishing eyes, which sparkled through the long lashes of their beautiful lids, and expressed, with the most innocent simplicity, all that an insipid coquet attempts in vain. When she perceived we looked at her, it heightened the vermillion on her cheeks, through the consciousness that they betrayed the extreme sensibility of her heart; and if even the rest of her person had had not been equally engaging, yet the bewitching sweetness of her countenance alone would have entitled her to be ranked among the first class of pleasing beauties.—A beautiful boy of about two years of age, whose hair flowed in natural ringlets like her own, was playing beside her while she was making some artificial flowers. Her dress was a brown camblet jacket and petticoat clasped at the breast.

Upon perceiving us she arose, and received us with the greatest politeness—It was easy for us to conceive she had been accustomed

to genteel life. She acquainted us that whatever honor we might do her in condescending to come into that poor cottage, yet she must for the future desire we would not repeat our visit. As it was entirely contrary to her plans, and to those views which determined her to retire to that place. There appeared in her a timid bashfulness; but as this seemed to proceed from the fear of *my friend*, who had been an importunate lover, and was a proof of the purity of her heart instead of an awkwardness, it appeared a grace. Yes, I repeat it, this bashfulness appeared in her quite engaging; for as the shade in a beautiful picture, it served to set off the masterly strokes of the piece. Lord Ogilby assured her in my hearing, that he had no views but which were highly honorable, that if she would give him her hand he would make her his wife. "I am one of those, said he, who have ever despised the common prejudices of mankind, particularly in the affair of love. A fine person, a graceful carriage, an amiable disposition, are all the titles or wealth I should look for in a woman. You possess all these advantages, and to them add the greatest delicacy of sentiment—so many charms compensate for the want of those other qualifications the injustice of fortune has deprived you of."—"Hymen, my lord, answered she, can have no joys for me, and

I am ſure will never light his torch on my account; for I have fountains of tears which would ſoon extinguiſh it!" What was my ſurpriſe to diſcover this beautiful girl (for her age did not appear to exceed eighteen) ſo accompliſhed that ſhe could read the Iliad of Homer, the Georgics of Virgil, the inimitable Cervantes, and the plays of Terence, in the original languages, with great eaſe! She was a *Hebe*, with the head of a philoſopher, the knowledge of a divine, accompanied with all the exterior accompliſhments the moſt finiſhed education could beſtow. As we found her fond of reading, we carried her a book of periodical papers then juſt written at Vienna. The next time I ſaw her I enquired if ſhe approved of it—ſhe replied ſhe was no judge; but that ſhe apprehended humour in writing chiefly conſiſts in an imitation of the foibles or abſurdities of mankind; ſo our pleaſure in this ſpecies of compoſition, ariſes from comparing the picture with the original in nature, which ſhe had no opportunity of doing.

In the works of our own countrymen we have frequent opportunities of making this compariſon, as the originals are generally before us: But when we read the productions of foreigners, as their portraits are copied from manners with which we are not ſufficiently acquainted, they muſt often appear forced and unnatural. There is a caſt of

of humour, as well as of manners, peculiar to each country; and this is what makes every nation give the preference to its own humorous ſubjects. Nor is this preference ill founded, ſince the ſeveral drawings are made from originals widely different from each other; and as in portrait-painting, the value of the picture is enhanced by our connections with the perſon who ſat for it; ſo here we muſt approve thoſe pieces the originals of which we are beſt acquainted with. The language of humour is alſo in every country different from that uſed upon common occaſions, which makes foreign ſatire an exotic of too delicate a nature to bear tranſplanting.

I was not ſurpriſed at my friend's ſituation; nothing I *then* ſuppoſed could have ſecured my own heart from her attractions but its being pre-engaged. All the great heroes, the ſcripture worthies in particular, have had their *Delilah's*, to whoſe bewitching charms they have *one and all yielded*; reluctantly ſome, and fondly others: *theſe* proving their wiſdom, and *thoſe* their folly; ſince *there is no inchantment againſt beauty*, nor any thing it cannot enchant.

But notwithſtanding my predilection in her favor, prudence ſuggeſted to me that my friend's paſſion might hurry him into an improper connection. I therefore enquired particularly concerning this lovely woman. I found

I found ſhe had reſided there fifteen months, having brought with her a maid, and the child whom we had then: that ſoon after her arrival ſhe had diſpoſed of ſome valuable effects; and that ſhe had employed herſelf ſince that period in making artificial flowers, which her maid carried to——and diſpoſed of them; that it was with great pleaſure they obſerved ſhe was now much more chearful than ſhe had been at firſt. That ſhe was very regular in her conduct; never ſaw any perſon, nor went abroad but for divine ſervice or a little air and exerciſe. This account ſerved only to encreaſe my friend's paſſion. He left nothing unſaid, nothing undone, to convince her of his ſincerity; but ſhe remained inexorable! We were there one day, when I took the liberty of remonſtrating with her on this ſubject: She was affected, and ſaid, "My lord, you diſtreſs me greatly; but at once to relieve myſelf *from your friend's importunities*, and to prove *to you* how unavailable *his* purſuit *is*, I muſt be reduced to the humiliating detail of *my ſorrows*: then, pointing to the lovely boy, ſhe added, that cherub calls me *mother*, although his cruel father has got given me the name of *wife*; let this, my lord, render you ſcrupulous concerning me."

Lord Ogilby, though ſtruck at the intelligence, aſſured her, that ſhe was infinitely

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superior in his eyes to women of the world, who vainly flatter themselves, that, while they appear not to be conscious of their errors, mankind never discover *their follies!* that he respected her candour, he would be a father to her lovely boy, and, by his tender faithful attachment, atone for her former disappointment. She said every thing a sensible heart could feel on the sense she had of the honor he did her in addressing her on such honourable terms, in the strange situation he found her in, but added, her heart might break, but that in breaking it must be the entire property of Sir Harry Bingley.

I am very sensible, my lords, continued Miss Harris, that the foibles of those to whom we are indebted for our existence, though open to the attack of all the world beside, ought to be sacred to us. But it is incumbent on me to paint my father's character, in order to inform you of the origin of my misfortunes. He was the younger son of a family of distinction, had received every advantage of education, and had travelled all over the world; which he himself had divested him of many narrow prejudices. But this was not sufficient for him—he must triumph over reason and nature. He was too wise to adopt the opinions of his fore-fathers, yet at the same time too indolent to establish any of his own, and as he

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lived without ſyſtem, he made preſent convenience the rule of his conduct. His virtues conſequently were *accidental*—but his vices *habitual*. A clergyman that kept him company countenanced *his errors*, and confirmed *my belief*, that religious duties were only an *impoſition on the vulgar*. I am ſure, my lord, you muſt agree with me in thinking that *immorality* in a *clergyman* is as unpardonable as *cowardice* in a *ſoldier*. One flies from the foes of his *king* and *country*; the *other* juſtifies the *enemies of his God*. My father married a young lady of large fortune. She had received a very religious education, and had too much ſenſibility not to be exceedingly wounded at his infidelity. He told her it was very well ſhe thought as *ſhe did*—that all capacities cannot command a ſufficient degree of attention to purſue the intricacies of philoſophical ſpeculation; neither if they could, are they endowed with proper powers of perception to diſcern and judge for themſelves. As theſe muſt neceſſarily be governed by prejudices, if you remove them, you leave ſuch weak objects without any principle *whatever*.

My mother anſwered, that the apoſtles were no *metaphyſicians*: nor did their bleſſed maſter teach them any thing that ſhould make them ſo. Wherefore ſhe contented herſelf with their plain inſtructions, finding much more ſatisfaction from them than ſhe

did from any human writers, eſpecially thoſe who uſe ſo many and ſo nice diſtinctions, tending more to *puzzle* than *enlighten* the underſtanding, and having little effect upon the heart to make it better. It is to me, I own, (ſaid ſhe) no recommendation of any cauſe, that the abettors of it are obliged to have recourſe to *abſtruſe terms*, and eſpecially when they introduce ſuch terms into any ſyſtem that pretends to be Chriſtian. I admire no ſcholaſtic phraſes, or terms of art, when applied to a doctrine which is matter of revelation only; and wherein neither ſchools nor arts have any thing to ſay further, nor can ſay any thing more clearly or more certainly than what God hath ſaid. I am far from commending any impoſition upon men's judgment, or any dictating by one man what is to be believed by another! But here my father interrupted her; and in a paſſion, made uſe of terms delicacy prevents a repetition of—adding, neither *man* nor *woman* ſhould dictate or make a fool of him! That religion, &c. &c. varied in different countries, as he had often obſerved ſomething in the climate, ſoil, or ſituation of *each*, which had great influence in eſtabliſhing its particular mode of ſuperſtition. Thus in Syria they worſhip the ſun, moon, and ſtars, as they live in a flat country, enjoying a conſtant ſerenity of ſky; and the origin and progreſs of that error may be traced

traced in a certain connection between those objects of worship considered physically, and their characters as divinities.

Thus the pomp and magnificence with which the sun is worshipped in Syria, said he, and the human victims sacrificed to him, seem altogether to mark an awful reverence paid rather to his power than to his beneficence, in a country where the violence of his heat is destructive to vegetation, as it is in many other respects very troublesome to the inhabitants. Superstition, since the world began, has consisted of every particular, which either people's *fears* or their *follies*, either the *strength* of their *imagination*, or the *weakness* of their *judgment*, or the *design* and *artifice* of their *leaders*, taught them to *embrace*, in order to please any being, or order of beings, superior to themselves, whom they made the objects of their religious regards. My mother answered, that the unbeliever changes nothing of the designs of God, when he dares to rise up against him.—He ever enters into his plan, where the evil concurs with the good, for the harmony of *this* world, and the good of the *next*. I need not, my lords, tire you with an account of these particulars, further than to mark the difference of my parents characters—these arguments recurring often, in the end produced such contentions, that it impaired my mother's health—she died

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and left me under the guidance of a father, *totally unfit* for that *important trust*. He endeavoured to impreſs me with his ſentiments of religion, &c. If I imbibed his ideas, could I be blamed for it? Is it not injurious and ridiculous to cenſure others for thinking in the ſame manner we ourſelves ſhould have done under the ſame circumſtances? For if we do not conſult our reaſon (which in matters of religion is prohibited us) the capacity and credulity of individuals are different, in conſequence of their diverſity of temperament, education, and experience. And it would be ſtill more abſurd to reprobate the reſt of mankind, for not believing what we ourſelves do *not*, nor can be made *to believe*. But to return to my father: About a year after my mother's death, when I was only eight years old, he ſet out for Italy, and returned home inebriated with a love for antiquity. He could ſit all day in contemplation of a ſtatue without a noſe, and doated on the decays with greater love than the ſelf-loved Narciſſus did on his beauty. Sir Harry Bingley did me the honour to addreſs me; but my father, on his firſt propoſal, would not hear of it; he wiſhed me to marry a brother antiquarian, who was deſirous, among other pieces of age and time, to have one young face be ſeen to call him father. My lover told him, he would pray to heaven to have

merit to deserve me.—He returned, "When your prayer is answered, renew your suit; but if you stay till then, you must have spectacles to see her beauty with." Had Sir Harry appeared to him like a Sibyl's son, or with a face rugged as father Nilus is pictured on the hangings, it would have been otherwise. But the qualities, which recommended him *to me*, produced the contrary effect on *my father*.

Signor Crustino, whom he favored, had presented him with books, that he said were written before the Punic war; and some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies that were lost in the Adriatic sea, when he returned from banishment.—These were powerful inducements———He commanded me to marry him: I expostulated, but without effect. Had Sir Harry Bingley been old in any thing, even in iniquity, I believe he would have shewn him some respect. Had he not, said he, the indiscretion to betray weakness, even to myself? did not he mention that his *old* rents produced one thousand a year; but that he had made *new* leases, and doubled them; and by the sale of a gallery of pictures had paid his father's debts? O such preposterous folly! he values more his gold, than whatever Apelles or Phidias have invented! "What is more honourable than age?" said he: "Is not wisdom entailed on it? It

takes the pre-eminence in every thing: antiquities are the regiſters, the chronicles of the age, and ſpeak the truth of hiſtory better than a hundred of your printed commentaries!" It was in vain I pleaded a contrary opinion; my tears had no power to mollify his ſtony heart. I was ordered to prepare for my wedding; which I was determined, at all events, ſhould not take place. In the mean time Sir Harry Bingley's paſſion was increaſed by the difficulty of obtaining me, as the lovers of the fair Danae deſired her more when ſhe was locked up in the brazen tower. He was importunate with me to elope: inclination preſſed hard on one ſide, duty on the other; I was torn with contending paſſions: my diſtraction was increaſed by the preparations for the marriage feaſt. My father took his bill of fare out of Athenæus, and ordered the moſt ſurprizing diſhes imaginable. But I was reprieved by a moſt extraordinary accident—He was poſſeſſed of a couple of old manuſcripts, ſaid to have been found in a wall, and ſtored up with the foundation: he ſuppoſed them the writing of ſome propheteſs—They were, he ſaid, of the old Roman binding: And though the characters were ſo imperfect, that time had eaten out the letters, and the duſt made a parentheſis betwixt every ſyllable, yet he was inconſolable upon diſcovering he had loſt

them; and ſuſpected his brother antiquary of the theft, *ſuch* generally being very *adroit* on *pilfering*——Words aroſe on the ſubject; they parted in wrath; my father declaring the marriage ſhould not be celebrated. Signor Cruſtino next day wrote a mollifying letter, intreating his acceptance of ſeveral other manuſcripts which he ſaid were dug out of the ruins of Aquileia, after it was ſacked by Atila, King of the Hunns.—But he returned them with indignation, and took to his bed, where he remained nine months in a very lingering condition—then died—leaving me a prey to the oppreſſive inſolence of proud proſperity.——It is that only which can inflict a wound on the ingenuous mind.—Theſe are the ſtings of poverty! Misfortunes never create reſpect: dependence of courſe meets with many ſlights.—On ſuch occaſions, ſome ſhew their *malice*, and are witty on our *misfortunes*; others their judgment, by ſage reflections on our conduct; but few their charity.—— They alone have a right to cenſure, who have hearts to aſſiſt: the reſt is cruelty, not juſtice.*

I found that my father's collection of cu-

* Francis the Firſt of France, who had heavily taxed his ſubjects, when told the people made very free with his character in their ſongs, anſwered, "It would be very hard if they were not allowed to ſing for their money."

rioſities, for which he had expended all his fortune, did no more than pay his debts. On this occaſion all my acquaintances forſook me. A rich aunt was the only perſon who recollected ſuch a being exiſted (my lover excepted). She afforded me help, but more as if ſhe had been giving *alms* to a *ſtranger*, than relief to a relation. How few are acquainted with the art of conferring favors in that happy manner that doubles the value of the obligation! If in doing good people conſidered the circumſtances and inclinations of thoſe they oblige—if, inſtead of ſhocking their ſelf-love, (inherent in us all) they knew how to take advantage of it, with as much addreſs as the flatterer employs to gain his ends, the empire of morality would long ago have extended its bounds, and the numbers of its adherents would have greatly encreaſed.—This is the more eaſily done, as the *diſtreſſed* think any mark of attention ſhewn them by the *wealthy, a real favor*—But *neglect* in general is the *portion* of the *neceſſitous*—and *outrage alone* employed to recover *the guilty*.

Lord Ogilby could not help here, with ſome warmth, aſking where Sir Harry Bingley was all this time. Miſs Harris bowed, and reſumed her ſtory. "Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "the Marquis of M——his uncle, on whom he had conſiderable expectations, inſiſted on his marrying Lady Ann Frivolite——and

though he absolutely declined this overture, he thought, in prudence, he ought to defer for some time entering into another engagement until he could bring his uncle to hearken to it."

My necessities increasing, relying entirely on the honor of my lover, I permitted him to conduct me to a seat he had in a remote part of the country.—It was a frightful dismal house surrounded with yews and willows, whose different forms recalled to my ideas Ovid's Metamorphoses, and made me sometimes ready to bemoan the fate of unhappy lovers converted into evergreens by the supposed enchantress of this dreary mansion. The house had been long uninhabited: by the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, one would conclude, it was either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The hangings of the appartments were indeed the finest in the world; that is to say, which Arachne spins, from her own bowels. But the affection, the tender respectful behaviour of my lover was *every thing to me*. He said he made no doubt but the marquis, when convinced of my merit, would approve of his passion! Unwilling to see him continue in so delusive an error, I told him there was little probability of reviving the golden age in his family; or, hoping that

the

the benevolence of his own heart would become epidemical, was an illusion! that relations or parents saw things in a very different light from their children; as the sentiment of the former arose from cool reflection, and as those of the latter commonly resulted from the caprice of an irregular imagination, or the violence of an impetuous passion, which prompted them to act sometimes in direct opposition to the salutary advice of their best friends.—He replied, that granting that were even the case—the Marquis of M———could not live for ever—but that no power on earth could induce him to sacrifice his happiness; that he had a *competent*, though not *great* estate of his own—and would marry me directly, if I chose it, or would take the most solemn oath imaginable, to do it as soon as circumstances rendered it prudent with safety. I consequently rejected agreeing to his proposal: I could not bear the idea of my lover's running the risque of losing a family inheritance on my account; though a possibility of possession altering his sentiments, never entered into my imagination. We remained three months together, the happiest time of my life: Happy moments, how soon you fled, never, never to return!

Miss Harris here blushed and stopped; we encouraged her to proceed. With some hesitation, she added, At that time my lover's

lover's importunity prevailed; I reſigned myſelf to his wiſhes. I had his ſolemn promiſe he would ratify our engagement at the altar; and my father had inſtilled notions into me of marriage being only a civil inſtitution: he had often ſaid, that the marriages among the Iſraelites were not attended with any religious ceremonies, except the prayers of the father of the family, and the ſtanders by, to beg the bleſſing of God. We have examples of it in the marriage of Rebecca with Iſaac, of Ruth with Boaz. We do not read that God acted the part of a prieſt to join Adam and Eve together, only that of a father to the young woman, in giving her away—*For he brought her to the man*: We do not ſee, he uſed to ſay, that there were any ſacrifices offered upon the occaſion; that they went to the temple, or ſent to the prieſts. So that it was no more than a civil contract. I alſo knew the preſent cuſtom in Sicily and in Holland. Thus I juſtified myſelf *to myſelf*, though not effectually; but I was willing then *to believe* what *I wiſhed*; as no inconvenience *to myſelf* could equally affect me in its conſequences, as my lover loſing his fortune on *my account*, which made me decline marrying him at that time. And I firmly relied on his honor, whom from that time I conſidered, and ſhall do, as my huſband. With this difference—if a woman ſurvives her

huſband,

huſband, after ſome time ſet apart for decency, there are many circumſtances may combine to render a ſecond attachment eligible. But one who like me has evinced a weakneſs muſt be more exemplary in every other part of her character, and more tenacious in her conduct, leaſt the *particular affection* which occaſioned *her error*, ſhould be imputed to her as a *depravity*. The event will prove how requiſite it is, for the good of ſociety, that certain rules ſhould be eſtabliſhed, the infringers of which ought to ſuffer, for the good of the community.

The effect of our paſſion was ſoon evident in my perſon——but ſorry I am to relate, grieved to repeat it——he left me; and at a time when I expected every minute to become a mother; without affording me one ſingle line to *comfort* or *relieve* my mind from a ſtate of diſtraction, little ſhort of madneſs. I was at laſt told he had been obliged to ſet out on confidential buſineſs to the continent! Alas, in what way did I loſe his confidence? His *glory* was dearer to me than my *own life*; and had he told me of the circumſtances, I ſhould have *urged* his *departure*, inſtead of wiſhing to *protract* his ſtay.

I was in deſpair for his unkindneſs! Had my ſteps been ſtrewed with flowers, had I been poſſeſſed of every outward accommodation wealth could beſtow, alas, how unavailing

unavailing would all these advantages have been to me! but in my situation, oppressed, afflicted and surrounded with mortifications, ignorant even of the means of my future support, and that of his child, how dreadfully were my woes increased! This mark of his inattention redoubled my grief. An assortment of flowers, plants, &c. arrived after his departure, which only served to remind me of the happiness I had proposed myself from their cultivation in his company: but I could not live by their scent, like a Dutch damsel, nor was I descended of Cameleons that could be kept with air. In my despair I refused all kind of nourishment; but a worthy girl who lived with me, recovered me from this *reverie*. If you are resolved, madam, (said she) never to eat a morsel more during your existence, your behaviour at present is very consistent; but if you design ever to do so, believe me that this is the best time you can possibly do for yourself, exclusive of your child, who must suffer with you. The last argument was a prevailing one—I enquired for food, and eat greedily.

I was soon afterwards delivered of a lovely boy—I took him in my arms—each feature depicted his beloved, though cruel father! He has since been my only solace, comfort and happiness—were I hunted out of society, and were I to meet with every species

of

of abuſe on *his account*, he would be infinitely more intereſting to me than all that the world could confer upon me.

After two months, during which time I flattered myſelf I ſhould hear from Sir Harry, though my hopes proved too ſanguine, I removed from his houſe---I cared not where I went, if diſtant from a place he could diſcover me in, at a time when his capricious paſſion might bring him back to me. Many unfortunate women, in ſuch a ſituation, give themſelves up (as Ariadne did) to Bacchus, from the day they are deſerted———But a ſuperior education taught me better. My maid's brother was a captain of a ſhip; I agreed with him to bring us to this place. My child juſtified my keeping a few valuable trinkets Sir Harry had given me, which I ſhould otherwiſe have returned—I ſet out, and, philoſopher-like, carried all my poſſeſſions about me. Theſe trinkets, and induſtry, have hitherto ſupported us—I revere virtue, though I have unhappily ſwerved from the eſtabliſhed rules of virtue *in my country*——but I have the ſame warm affection for virtuous people, the ſame tenderneſs for the unhappy, and the ſame regard for thoſe whom proſperity hath not blinded!

Lord Ogilby replied, Sir Harry Bingley muſt have been nurſed among rocks, and ſuckled by tygers, to have uſed you thus!

But

But you, even now, would prefer being the object of his licentious paſſion, rather than to become my virtuous wife! Miſs Ogilvie bowed, and replied, I flattered myſelf, my lord, that I had, though not without great confuſion to myſelf, made you acquainted with my character—I therefore am highly ſuperior to the inference you have indelicately made. I ſhall owe my future innocence to the ſenſe I have of my lover's perfidy; as the ſore wound the viper gives, the viper beſt cures. But my unfortunate circumſtances exclude my ever thinking of any other of the ſex: All the reſt of mankind *are*, and muſt remain to me *a diſtinct ſpecies*. I would much rather die a thouſand deaths, than that my heart ſhould have once conceived ſuch a thought! I have imprinted him in my heart in ſuch deep characters, that nothing can raſe it out, unleſs it rub my heart out. Although he has left me to be for ever miſerable——may he be bleſſed—and may the fair one whom he ſelects to be his happy, happy wife, love him the hundredth part I did! In this cottage will I remain! here dedicate my life to induſtry, to procure for the child of the man I love, the means of food and education: and when the great God calls upon me to offer up an account of all my deeds, I *cannot*, *do not* believe I ſhall be found very defective in what his juſtice

juſtice will exact from me: Though I lament the error I fell into, and am now convinced that we can have no diſtinct notions of human happineſs, without the previous knowledge of the human conſtitution, of all its active and perceptive powers, and their natural objects: therefore the moſt natural method of proceeding in the ſcience of morals, is to begin with inquiring into our ſeveral natural determinations, and the objects from whence our happineſs can ariſe.—This, my lord, I have carefully done——my reſolution is conſequently fixed. Lord Ogilby again ſaid, Madam, let me ſtill intreat you to conſider—if you have any hopes of his return, of all old debts, love, when it comes to be ſo, is paid the moſt unwilling; and all you get by your conſtancy, is the loſs of that beauty for *one lover*, which independent of my propoſal to you, would procure you the vows, ſacrifice and ſervice of *a thouſand!* She renewed her thanks for his lordſhip's good opinion; added, ſhe entertained no hopes ſuch as he had ſuggeſted, and muſt only beg leave to add, before ſhe concluded, after entreating we would conceal his name, that it was not only a partiality for his perſon, but admiration of his character, that muſt bind her for ever his.

Lord Ogilby conſigned a ſum of money with her maid, that in caſe indiſpoſition

ſhould interfere with her plans, ſhe ſhould ſtill encounter no inconveniencies.

I ſhould not, my dear aunt, have detained you ſo long with this ſtory, did I not know your friendſhip to Sir Harry Bingley—I ſounded his ſentiments, he is ſtill fondly attached to this lovely woman—Honor, and a reſponſible ſituation, obliged him to leave her at the time, and his letters miſcarried by the ſudden death of a friend he entruſted them to. No part of my life, ſaid he, can I recollect with ſo much ſatisfaction, as that which I ſpent with my lovely wife, for *ſuch* I ſhall ever conſider her. I reflect on the ſuppoſed injuries ſhe thinks ſhe has received from me, and I lament I know not *where ſhe is* to make her every reparation in my power. Immediately on my arrival, I went to the place where I had left her—but no trace remained; ſhe was fled, and had carried along with her the fruit of our affection. I have been fatigued with inquiries to no purpoſe—and conclude her dead; perhaps with grief for my ſuppoſed ingratitude.

Without letting Sir Harry know I was acquainted with his ſtory, I diſcovered every thing from him I wiſhed; and had the pleaſure of hearing of his preſent independent fortunes, which put it in his power to realize the truth of his profeſſions to Miſs Harris. I ſent off a courier to her—ſhe is now on her return to England.

But

But to return to my own affairs—I went to Italy, but could hear no tidings of the Duke de Salis; was only informed, that his ſon, after ſome irregularities inherent in youth, had made a very good figure in the army, but for ſome time paſt had not been heard of—Nor was it known to what place the duke had retired. To amuſe my chagrin, I went one evening to a maſquerade at Venice, in the time of the carnival, and fell in chat with a very agreeable young gentleman and his ſiſter. They politely hoped our acquaintance would not ceaſe at the end of the ball, and ſolicited a continuance of it—with this I very chearfully complied. I went—and am mortified to betray my weakneſs to you; but truth obliges me to confeſs, that notwithſtanding the pre-engagement of my heart for the Counteſs de Sons, yet I could not reſiſt the attractions of Mademoiſelle de Querci: my paſſion for her commenced the firſt moment I ſaw her; and her charming behaviour hourly increaſed it. She was majeſtic in her appearance; and in her were combined all the qualities that can make deſirable the woman I adore.

The more I ſaw her, the more was her empire confirmed over me; but ſtill dubious of the Counteſs's fate, and conſcious of my pre-engagement, honor kept me ſilent. I had every reaſon to flatter myſelf my addreſs would have been acceptable, but my paſ-

ſion was ſubordinate to that ſenſe of honor my former obligations ſubjected me to. It is hard to account for the motions of the human heart, or trace the little ſprings that give riſe to its affections——numberleſs latent accidents contribute to raiſe or allay them, without our being ſenſible of their ſecret influence. Thus ſituated, I came to England at your requeſt. The uncertainty of the Counteſs's fate renders me wretched, while, to confeſs the truth, Mademoiſelle de Querci haunts my imagination. But *your* felicity alleviates *my* uneaſineſs—as your joys or ſorrows muſt ever be reverberated on the heart of

Your ladyſhip's obliged

And affectionate nephew,

MUNSTER.

From Lady Eliza Finlay, to the Counteſs of Darnley.

London.

"My Dear Aunt,

This is a place I often wiſhed to come to, but the peaceful ſatisfaction I have had in your company makes me in vain find it in your abſence—every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, is ſo contrary to reaſon, that, without diveſting one's ſelf of that quality, it is impoſſible

impoſſible to be pleaſed with any thing, though the novelty may engage one's attention at firſt. All here appear to adopt the reigning ideas, and faſhionable purſuits, with as much pleaſure as I feel in conforming to the principles which your kind inſtructions and edifying example have implanted in my mind. They do not, however, appear to me to be happy, and, like comedians (who are not diverted with the amuſement they occaſion) regret being condemned to communicate a pleaſure which they do not partake, and lament not having received, from a different education, other taſtes, other talents, and other manners. I connect myſelf as little as poſſible with them; as in epidemic diſtempers we are only ſecure whilſt we eſcape the touch of the contagious perſon; and with reſpect to wounds of the mind, they are like thoſe of the body. Theſe extravagancies I might, perhaps, ſome months ago have conſidered in a leſs ſerious manner, but the evident melancholy in which my brother is, ſhews me the vanity of every thing in this world—So handſome in his perſon, ſo accompliſhed in his manners—poſſeſſing every thing the world places a value on—and yet too apparently wretched. The Marquis of P——, Lord Sombre, and his other friends, endeavour in vain to rouſe him out of his *reveries*. You are poſſeſſed of ſuch philoſophy, that

you may look upon this matter in another light; as for me, who have *ſtrong paſſions*, and that inſeparable companion of them, *weak reaſon*, I cannot help being ſeriouſly alarmed. My beloved brother has undoubtedly ſome ſecret cauſe of diſquietude—he ſighs at times as if his heart would break! This affects me very ſenſibly; I never was ſo unhappy in my life; beſides, I have not my dear aunt to give a friendly check to my extravagance of ſpirits, ſo am afraid of hazarding any thing.———Every perſon looks formally at me. When your friend the dutcheſs of W——introduced me to Lady Charlotte Sombre, ſhe ſaid ſhe pleaſed herſelf with thinking what a harmony would ariſe between us; for in the character, ſaid ſhe, I drew *of her* to you, ſhe only ſat for *yours*. Lady Charlotte is very agreeable, lively, and entertaining. Lord Sombre, I fancy, is what you would eſteem a ſuperior character; he is noble, and has a ſoul; a thing queſtioned much in moſt of the gay youths whom we converſe with. He appears to have fine feelings—I intend to be on my guard before him——a man of true taſte and delicacy prefers the ſmile of the ſoul, to noiſy mirth.

Lady Charotte is addreſſed by Sir Alexander Frenchl—he told her, his love would be eternal! That is, ſaid ſhe, neither to have *beginning* nor *end*. Sir Alexander is a very

very great coxcomb, ſhe therefore gives him no encouragement; and amuſed me with an account of him—her brother checked her, and ſaid there is an oſtentation in theſe kind of confidences, which he was mortified to obſerve in her—that at leaſt ſhe ſhould reſpect a man ſhe had rendered unhappy, and who had almoſt loſt his reaſon on her account. She replied, it were indeed a trifling ſacrifice, were it even ſo, as he had ſo little to part with, that it made the loſs inconſiderable—love, ſaid ſhe, never makes ſuch a buſtle in hearts like his—his is a *laughing*, not a *melancholy* Cupid. She has the charms of an angel, and dreſſes with the greateſt ſimplicity, regarding the colour and make of her clothes, rather than the quality.

When Lady Charlotte ſhewed me the *Arcadia* of my mother's painting*, all the tender paſſions were up in my ſoul: I requeſted to be left alone, and burſting into tears, I partly relieved the emotions of my heart—Lord Sombre ſurpriſed me in this ſituation—I was too much agitated at firſt to return him an anſwer to ſome obliging things he ſaid, but at laſt made an apology for my weakneſs! His Lordſhip told me, the ſenſibility I teſtified confirmed him in the high ideas he entertained of my charac-

* See Vol. I. Page 47.

ter.

ter. He then expatiated to me on a ſubject very agreeable, *my mother's virtues*. That the gentleman who educated him had been well acquainted with her---who ſaid, that good ſenſe and genius were united in her, and that by ſtudy, reflection, and application, ſhe had improved her talents in the happieſt manner---having acquired a ſuperiority in thinking, ſpeaking, writing, and acting----and in manners, her behaviour, language, and underſtanding, were inexpreſſibly charming.

The diſcourſe of the people here, my dear aunt, appears to me malicious; their civilities feigned; their confidences falſe; and their friendſhips reſemble a roſe, which pricks the hand of him who ſmells it. Every animal ſeeks its food, digs itſelf a hole, or builds itſelf a neſt---ſleeps---and dies. It is a melancholy reflection that the greateſt part of mankind do *no more*. The employment which diſtinguiſhes them moſt from other animals, is the care of cloathing themſelves, and their enmity to each other----the firſt of theſe engages the attention of millions of the younger people in this great city—while the more aged employ themſelves in the laſt. Although pride is obſervable in a peacock, and a horſe, paſſion in a tyger, gluttony in a wolf, envy in a dog, lazineſs in a monkey, and treachery in a

cat;

cat, yet one does not find, in any animal whatever, falſeneſs to their own ſpecies.

A love of play, and building are the characteriſtics of this age—our ſex imitates the other as far as they can in the former—and having no *terra firma* for the latter, and not contented with the ancient cuſtom of caſtle-building, erect fabrics on their heads three ſtories high. The rage of building is ſo great, that nothing can check their ardour in it, although it has been the ruin of many individuals; and there are at preſent (it is ſaid) fifteen hundred uninhabited houſes in the two pariſhes of Saint Mary-le-bone and Pancras. Though the fortunes of moſt individuals are decreaſed in value by the riſe of the prices of proviſions, and other articles of expence, yet the houſes, good enough twenty years ago, are now judged inadequate. Among many other reaſons alledged for this, every woman of any tolerable faſhion requires a room for her wardrobe: what formerly could be kept in a cheſt, occupies the ſpace of a large apartment, as gowns (on account of their trimmings) cannot be folded.

In ſhort, my dear aunt, all ſeem to walk in a vain ſhow, and the curls of the *head* are more attended to, than the ſenſations of *the heart*.

I hope Mrs. Dorothy Bingley is become more reaſonable than to wiſh to force my dear

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cat;

cat, yet one does not find, in any animal whatever, falſeneſs to their own ſpecies.

A love of play, and building are the characteriſtics of this age—our ſex imitates the other as far as they can in the former—and having no *terra firma* for the latter, and not contented with the ancient cuſtom of caſtle-building, erect fabrics on their heads three ſtories high. The rage of building is ſo great, that nothing can check their ardour in it, although it has been the ruin of many individuals; and there are at preſent (it is ſaid) fifteen hundred uninhabited houſes in the two pariſhes of Saint Mary-le-bone and Pancras. Though the fortunes of moſt individuals are decreaſed in value by the riſe of the prices of proviſions, and other articles of expence, yet the houſes, good enough twenty years ago, are now judged inadequate. Among many other reaſons alledged for this, every woman of any tolerable faſhion requires a room for her wardrobe: what formerly could be kept in a cheſt, occupies the ſpace of a large apartment, as gowns (on account of their trimmings) cannot be folded.

In ſhort, my dear aunt, all ſeem to walk in a vain ſhow, and the curls of the *head* are more attended to, than the ſenſations of *the heart*.

I hope Mrs. Dorothy Bingley is become more reaſonable than to wiſh to force my dear

not

dear friend's inclination to marry a man ſhe deteſts. Don't you think, my dear aunt, that marrying to increaſe love, is like gaming to become rich; they only loſe what little ſtock they had before.

My brother deſires his reſpectful compliments to you, as I beg mine may be acceptable to your Lord; and I ever am, with the greateſt eſteem,

Your ladyſhip's affectionate,

And obliged niece,

ELIZA FINLAY.

From the Counteſs of Darnley to Lady Eliza Finlay.

My dear Niece,

As in my preſent ſituation* I am interdicted from writing—I ſhall only indulge myſelf in a few words to you. The civilities you have received from all friends give me great pleaſure. Brought up in the lap of friendſhip, I am not ſurpriſed, that upon your firſt emerging into the great world you ſhould feel the coldneſs of the common addreſs of ſtrangers. It is poſſible thoſe very accompliſhments which delighted your

* She is expected to lay in every day.

fond

fond aunt and friends, *intereſted* for your welfare, procure you the envy of *unintereſted obſervers*. But if any one denies you the praiſes your merit claims, betray not any mortification at their want of candour, as your ſenſibility would afford them a malicious pleaſure.

I have ever made it a rule, before I vexed myſelf about people's appearing to ſlight me, to conſider the character of the perſon, and to diſcover the motives of his acting; and I very often found it was with no deſign to affront me, but that the party was ſo humourſome as even to be inſupportable *to himſelf*. I have ſo long indulged myſelf in the ſociety of a few friends I love, that I am ill ſuited for the world, as any thing unreaſonable *vexes me*, and the want of ſincerity *offends me*. Mrs. Dorothy Bingley continues to perſecute her niece on account of Mr. Bennet! Nothing appears to me ſo barbarous. I feel myſelf the happieſt of women, and of wives, and enjoy my felicity with a double *gout*, by reflecting upon the reſtrictions I put on my inclinations for ſo many years. And I am perfectly convinced, it is not until women have got over their early years, that they can taſte the delightful pleaſure of loving and being beloved. But no felicity is perfect in this world, and I find my joy allayed from the obſervations I made on your brother's apparent melancholy.

choly. To ſee you and him happy, and properly allied, are circumſtances I ſtill muſt look forward to with great anxiety. I am very apt to believe man a much greater machine than he is generally ſuppoſed to be. "Whoever (ſays Dr. Johnſon) ſhall inquire by what motives he was determined on important occaſions, will find them ſuch as his pride will ſcarcely ſuffer him to confeſs; ſome ſudden ardour of deſire, ſome uncertain glimpſe of advantage, ſome petty competition, inaccuarte concluſion, or ſome example implicitly reverenced."

Such are too often the cauſes of our reſolves. Roſſeau ſays, if you would underſtand the men, ſtudy the women—I myſelf think that it is difficult to know what a man's conduct will be, until you are acquainted with his wife's character, particularly when he enters into that connexion at an early period of his life.

My beſt affections ever attend you and your brother, in which my lord moſt ſincerely joins.

FRANCES DARNLEY.

From Miſs Bingley to Lady Eliza Finlay.

"Dear Madam,

Areeable to your deſire I write you a long letter in hopes of making you laugh (for your letter to me gave me the vapours, you appeared

appeared ſo ſerious, ſo unlike yourſelf)—it is probable I may not effect my intention; but it will be a proof to you of my affection. My aunt has been even rude to Sir James Mordaunt, told him that he need not preſume on my partiality for him, that I had nothing to ſay in regard to diſpoſing of myſelf—that he muſt *treat with her*. He anſwered her with ſome heat, that he had no idea of modern marriages, where their lawyer is the prieſt that joins them; and the banns of matrimony are the indentures, and the ring —— That in ſhort he had no notion of treating for a wife as he would buy ſtock of a broker—that if ſhe choſe to give me her fortune, it *was well*—if not, we could live *without it!* lovers you know, my dear Lady Eliza, are always philoſophers! Your fortune, anſwered my good aunt, won't be a ſuperfluous maintenance for a family, and you ſhall not have a ſhilling of mine! Very true, returned Sir James; but where content attends a competency more is *unneceſſary*.

I hope, ſaid ſhe, you are in the court party and may get a penſion? Sir James told her he was not; but if he were it would be worſe for him, as the principles by which the court govern themſelves are literally theſe: The man who has trumpeted their merits for years, cannot on any provocation aſſume an oppoſite character, without impeaching his judgment and proving the inſtability

ſtability of his attachment —— Our enemies it is wiſdom to buy; but our friends will either be firm in our cauſe from motives of intereſt, or ſilent ſufferers from motives of pride—Therefore, ſaid he, good madam, laughing, I mean to riſe by being *in the oppoſition*—as moſt of the great men have done before me! but, turning to me, ſaid, I never yet opened my mouth in that celebrated aſſembly, but to give utterance to an occaſional little monoſyllable: But I may improve in time.

My aunt detains Mr. Bennet for hours together, as Ariſtæus held Proteus to deliver oracles, judging I ſhall be charmed with his learning and oratory; but I ſhould like him infinitely better if ſhe would imitate Dulneſs, who kept the Muſes in the Dunciad to ſilence them. But for this eternal teazer's *preſence*, and your *abſence*, (which by the by increaſed my conſequence) I ſhould have enjoyed the races very much. Mrs. Damer, on whom nature has beſtowed an underſtanding greatly ſuperior to her form, confeſſes you are handſome; whilſt Miſs Maydew, who has no other ambition than that of attracting applauſe by the charms of her perſon, allows you good ſenſe. We ſeldom withhold the applauſe which is due to virtues or accompliſhments for which we cannot value ourſelves.

As to news, Mrs. Trevors is parted with her

her huſband: ſhe put the poor man out of all patience by her fameneſs of character: If he made an obſervation, ſhe aſſented; if he altered his mind, ſhe gave a nod. She was always the ſame tune, the ſame object, that is to ſay, *the ſame woman*. Perfectly agreed, no quarrels indeed ſubſiſted between them, but they *fell aſleep*. Water freezes only in ſtagnation. Indifference hung over them like a cloud, and irkſome paſt the hours, which might have flown with a ſwift pace, perhaps, had they been paſſed with your humble ſervant.

The world would have been already laid in ruins if the elements that compoſe it did not maintain it by their diſcordant concord. If water did not reſiſt fire by its coldneſs and humidity it would have reduced all into aſhes, and having no further nutriment would have conſumed itſelf. I will not loſe Sir James's heart from this cauſe. Diverſity of opinions ſhall quicken our converſation—Oppoſition ſhall not be wanting on my part to chear *his heart*, and make his time paſs *agreeably*. An accommodating temper is all a man ought to expect in a wife; more than this is diſguſting—I am very apt to believe that though a man of ſpirit would not ſuffer his wife to dictate to him, yet he would as ſoon talk to a parrot, or be the companion of a monkey, as as of one who is his eccho on every occaſion. It is very

poſſible with ſome men to be *too good*. But there are no rules without exceptions; for was my huſband very perverſe I would (follow the late example of the *Premier** with the Oppoſition) revenge myſelf on him by agreeing in opinion with him, which would oblige him to commence hoſtilities with himſelf if he meant to *continue the diſpute*.

Our ancient neighbour Lady Ogle married the other day a young enſign in the guards, although you know ſhe has more diſeaſes than Galen ever wrote of—at every cough reſigns ſome of her teeth, and every night ſkrews off her leg—ſcarcely has her own noſe, and by the courſe of nature ought to have kneeled in marble, or lifted up her arms in ſtone twenty years ago. In apology for her conduct, ſhe ſays, it was merely to procure herſelf a *friend*. But as experience does not coincide with her ladyſhip's expectations, I ſhould marry Mr. Bennet, to *get rid of him*, were it not for my penchant *elſewhere*. I look upon all theſe romantic notions of Platonic, or ſpiritual love, as highly ridiculous. Our paſſions were beſtowed on us for wiſe purpoſes. When precepts of virtue are ſtrained too high. they are either impracticable or become vicious in their conſequences.

The captain, *her friend*, is contriving a

* In the conciliatory Meaſures propoſed concerning America.

viſto

viſto through ſome *woods* on *her eſtate*, to pay *his debts*; ſhe tells every body, however, that he is not only poſſeſſed of *all the graces*, but an independent fortune. The next heir to the eſtate happens to be of a different opinion—his picture of captain Plume is *all ſhade*, hers *all light*. The former awkwardly imitates the ſtyle of Rembrandt, and with a dark pencil loves to deſcripe hideous wrinkles and deformed features—but the latter artfully copies the taſte of Titian, and brightens the canvas with all the lively glow of colouring. Perhaps if light and ſhade were properly blended together, we might behold a real likeneſs.—I don't like him. I miſtake much if he is not conceited—you know I pretend a little to be a phyſiognomiſt as well as a botaniſt. In the natural world the external form of plants afford us a hint for a conjecture of their virtues. Almoſt all the plants of the ſame kinds are of the ſame virtues. The poiſonous plants, natives of our ſoil, are hardly a dozen, and theſe are characterized even to the eye by ſomething ſingular or diſmal in the aſpect.

When I wrote you I was jealous of Sir James's attentions to Miſs Ords, I did not wiſh to be underſtood *au pie de lettre*—She has a vacant countenance, her youth only renders her *paſſable*. Her wit is not piquante, nor her manners alluring. She can anſwer *yes* and *no*, with tolerable ſucceſs, nay ſome-

times hazards further: and when ſhe goes to a comedy does not intreat the company to inſtruct her *when* ſhe ſhould laugh. Her father lives *en Prince*: lik Lucullus, he *plundered all Aſia* to aſſiſt him *in houſe-keeping*. Sir James was very lively in his uſual way—She ſaid ſhe did not like puns, and had never made one in her life—I could not help anſwering—It's my opinion *you never will*.

You aſk me if I have got no more lovers? To talk ingenuouſly with you—no; I know not what further inconveniencies ſuch an acquiſition might put me to: and as it might probably happen (not on *my account*, but for my *aunt's acres*) I have whiſpered my paſſion for Sir James Mordaunt as a ſecret to Mrs. M——; ſo you need not doubt but it has ſpread. She is an antiquated virgin, who endeavours to mak chaſtity atone for the want of every other virtue. She wanted me ſadly to aſk her ſome queſtion; I mortifyed my own curioſity, to puniſh her propenſity to detraction.

Lady Dun is at laſt expired, notwithſtanding the prayers of the faithful. Had ſhe lived any longer, her *piety* muſt have ruined *her family* by her total want of œconomy, as ſhe did the reputation of her neighbours by ſcandal.

Can ſo much gall in holy breaſts reſide?
Boileau's Lutrin. Canto 1.

I met

I met the following ſtory lately in and old book; the writer appears to have been a perſon of great judgment, and not in the *leaſt* given to credulity. He relates, that a certain man who had a wife that made this world his purgatory (though, according to the *common acceptation*, ſhe was *virtuous* and prudent) happening to die ſome little time after her, he went to paradiſe, as ſoon the breath was out of his body, as a reward for his patience in this world; being come to the gate, he knocks, the good man St. Peter opens the door, and deſires him very civilly to walk in, and take what ſeat in heaven he pleaſed. The huſband ſtopped a moment to recollect himſelf; and then aſks St. Peter, Whether or not his wife was there? The good Saint anſwered in the affirmative: upon which the honeſt man, without ſtaying for any thing further, takes to his heels and makes for the road to hell; rather chuſing to renounce heaven, than be in the ſame place with his dear rib, whom he was well aſſured would, out of the abundance of her virtue, make heaven as great a hell to him, as ſhe had done this earth.

I muſt now, my dear friend, tell you what ſincerely grieves me. My brother equals *yours* in melancholy: before he went abroad, no man whatever had better ſpirits; but now, although he does not complain of any particular diſorder, yet is he always indiſpoſed—

diſpoſed—ever wretched, conſtantly ſighing and lamenting. This affects my ſpirits much: "*my heart is not of that rock, nor my ſoul careleſs as that ſea, which lifts its blue waves to every blaſt, and rolls beneath the ſtorm!*" But truth obliges me to confeſs that I cannot go on with my admired poet as—"*The virgins* have not as yet *beheld me ſilent in the hall!* No, no, no, it is not come to that yet! I relieve you from my company—be ſenſible of the obligation—let me hear from you ſoon, and believe me,

Your ladyſhip's
affectionate friend,
H. BINGLEY.

From Lady Eliza Finlay to Miſs Bingley.

"My dear Harriot,

Many thanks for your agreeable letter, your *gaiete de coeur* always pleaſes me, *Vive la bagatelle!*

But, my dear friend, I am uneaſy at your aunt's perſiſting in her perſecution of you on Mr. Bennet's account. He ſeems to me to be a perſon rather created to fill up a vacuum in nature, than to perform any active good in it. His want of ſenſibility is ſufficient to prepoſſeſs me againſt him—There are in the occurrences of a married life ſo many trials of a man's humanity that he

he whoſe want of tenderneſs might paſs unobſerved had he continued ſingle—muſt often appear a very monſter conſidered as a huſband. May you be bleſſed in that ſtate with the man of your heart! I agree with you that oppoſition, carried on without violence, gives a dignity to our condeſcenſion; but we muſt not carry this too far or we may counteract our deſign of preſerving the heart we have gained.

To manage men requires more dexterity than to win them, as the conſequence of moſt *love matches* evinces.

You aſk a thouſand queſtions, having never been in London yourſelf, on account of your aunt's apprehenſions of a diſeaſe ſhe had not the reſolution of giving you at an early period of life*. I told you that you muſt not expect any characters from me, as I was always an enemy to detraction, and few there are that merit commendation. Let us, my dear friend, regulate our *own conduct*, rather than condemn that *of others*: but as I cannot refuſe you any thing you aſk (though I may wonder at your aſking) I will ſuppoſe we are chatting over a diſh of tea, and giving our opinion of a gown or a cap,

* The difference in the degrees of danger between ſuffering a perſon to take the ſmall-pox in the natural way, and communicating it by inoculation, is upon the loweſt computation eſtimated *thirty* to *one* in favour of inoculation.

cap, and will tell you who ſuits my taſte, or who my reaſon contemns, with as little meaning as if I talked of the gown and not the woman: and this I the more readily do, as I know you will not betray the confidence I place in you.

The truth is, however, I am perfectly aſtoniſhed at the ſtrange characters this town abounds with; and ſtupified (*if I may* be allowed the expreſſion) with what I have heard: but, as Shakeſpeare allows Deſdemona to ſpeak after ſhe was ſmothered, you will permit me to write though I have loſt my underſtanding. And as it was the choice of certain great men to be intelligible, it is probable my preſent ſtate of mind will lead me to imitate them. But on ſecond thoughts, my being not *au fait* to the ſubject may perhaps make me excel in it. Men often expatiate *beſt* on what they *leaſt underſtand*, by the ſame rule that people in general are contrary to what they would ſeem.

The Mantuan Swain lived conſtantly at court: Horace wrote in celebration of a country life when he reſided in Rome: and it is well known travels, voyages, &c. to every part of the world have been written in London. Why ſhould I not then, Eliza Finlay Spinſter, attempt delineating manners, which I have really ſeen? My ſcruples would intrude—that perhaps I am not ſufficiently informed, as I have only reſided here

here a month; but theſe vaniſh on the recollection that I muſt certainly be in the right in the above poſition—Otherwiſe, could it be poſſible for Mr. Blacklock*, a poet blind from his birth, to deſcribe viſible objects with more ſpirit and juſtneſs, than others bleſſed with the moſt perfect ſight? Could certain orators, famous for their *extravagance*, harangue on *oeconomy*—Or the learned at Venice employ father Piaggi to copy the manuſcripts found at Herculaneum (though he is unacquainted with Greek, the language they are written in)—Or could our own countrymen, the *learned judicious* body in Warwick-lane, refuſe to admit to be their aſſociates in the ſcience of *Æſculapius*, any but thoſe who have ſtudied where—*medicine is not taught?* After ſuch precedents as theſe it is clear I cannot err, in informing you of what—*I know little about*. Beſides, it is an eſtabliſhed rule of prudence, on the contrary, never to commit yourſelf by talking or writing on a ſubject the world gives you the credit of underſtanding, as you have *nothing* to *gain* but *much* to *loſe*. This conſideration no doubt induced one author‖ to omit in his tragedy *morality*, which ſhould be

* Mr. Blacklock may, in reality, be regarded as a prodigy—He is a man of a moſt amiable character, of ſingular ingenuity, and of very extraordinary attainments.

‖ A clergyman.

be the ground-work of every fable, and deterred another* from acknowledging providence though it ſo eminently preſided, and was ſo conſpicuouſly diſplayed in the miraculous eſcapes made in the voyages he wrote of. This being premiſed, I will now begin boldly to *relate* many things I cannot *comprehend*.

Miſs *Ton* accompanied me to the opera; I was amazed at the height of her head, and how her chair had failed to cruſh the fabric of feathers and frivolity which roſe above each other! I could not think ſhe had flown, though ſhe was compoſed of cork and feather; and willing to be informed how ſhe had managed it (as ignorance, you know, is reprehenſible) I ventured to aſk her the queſtion. She returned me a look of contempt (as if to pity my ignorance) ſaying, ſhe always took care to prevent a misfortune of that kind! When I go to court, ſaid ſhe, as heads are wore lower† there——I ſit like your old women upon the ſeat of the chair, which is convenient enough on account of one's trimmings; but when I go to the opera, where *fancy directs* and *faſhion prevails*, I ſay my prayers the whole way—that is to ſay, I kneel *on the bottom*

* A clergyman.

† In compliment to the Queen, who has too much good ſenſe to approve of what is ridiculous.

bottom of the chair. I admired her ingenuity; only obſerved, I hoped it did not fatigue her knees ſo much as to prevent her from going to church next day! O, not in the leaſt, ſaid ſhe; but I always go to the drawing-room of a Sunday! except when I go to the Chapel-royal—*the cloſet there*, indeed, that is no bad public place—nobody but people of faſhion are admitted, and it is really ſometimes very amuſing! The truth is, if one liked church very much, there is time enough to dreſs afterwards; for it is not *the rage* with a certain ſet to go to the drawing-room until your old faſhioned people are coming away. Oh the dear delight of meeting theſe dowdies on their *retour* home to their ſpouſes and family dinners at *four o'clock*. Then we make ſuch glorious confuſion! I took the liberty of ſaying that I thought the reſpect due to their Majeſties had induced every body to be in the drawing-room previous to their appearance! Oh, not at all, child, ſaid ſhe—except your *formal ones!* But why, ſaid I, madam, need you go to court of a Sunday, why not of a Thurſday as well? Of a Thurſday! Nobody goes of a Thurſday! Pardon me, replied I, the Dutcheſs of W— introduced me on that day! That may be, replied Miſs *Ton*, her Grace is very old, wrinkles make her religious—but none but ſuch, or courtiers, go of a Thurſday! I

again took the liberty of telling her that it had alſo been a very full drawing-room——Then, ſaid ſhe, It muſt have been the Thurſday after the birth-day—or ſome particular day; for otherwiſe few of a certain ſet, who underſtand *the rage*, would go. The *rage*, ſaid I, madam! I am again at a loſs; did I hear you right? O, perfectly well, ſaid ſhe; the *ton*, was formerly the word, but *the rage*, has lately been adopted from the French! It is to be hoped, that the Pariſians will alſo, from their late partiality for *Engliſh Gauzes, Silks, Linens, &c.* induce us to adopt *them alſo*, inſtead of too often procuring theſe articles from France.)

Forgetful of the imprudence I was going to commit—I told Miſs *Ton* her prayers had proved ineffectual—her largeſt feather was ſnapped in two. It is poſſible! exclaimed ſhe, and reddened prodigiouſly.—Shocked at the blunder I had made, and pitying her weakneſs, I gave her my bottle of Eau de Luce; and not caring to hazard any further on ſo intereſting a ſubject; leſt it ſhould hurt her nerves, I turned the converſation to what was more indifferent—a ſiſter of her's who *had died in child-bed a fortnight before.*

(Thus, my dear friend—to philoſophiſe—no abſtract evil exiſts; for whatever calamities human life is ſubject to, their evil depends merely on our own ſenſibility.)

Sir

Sir Timothy Clinquant rejoined us. He is handſome, has a good opinion of himſelf, and is no ſtranger to the art of flattery. She lamented to him the accident of her feather. From a knowledge of human nature, that nothing pleaſes ſo much as to have a defect of any kind turned into a beauty—he aſſured her the feather being broke gave it an air of negligence ſo perfectly adapted to the *contour* of her fine face, that he could not be convinced, but that ſhe *accidentally* on *purpoſe* had afforded it *that grace*. Thus was ſhe reſtored to good humour.—I can tell you little of what I ſaw; Miſs Ton's head intercepted my view of the ſtage: *her rage* of going late having prevented our getting any other but end ſeats, and ſhe ſat before me. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a law made to reſtrict the growth of ruffs: I wiſh our legiſlators,* who in this accomodating age, do ſometimes condeſcend to beſtow their attention on trifles, would take the ſize of heads into their conſideration. Mr. Walpole obſerves, in his anecdotes of painting in England, that in the reign of the two firſt Edwards, the ladies erected ſuch pyramids on their heads that that the face became the center of the body.

* Witneſs the purchaſe of a collection of antique and Etruſcan vaſes, by the public money--- and their enacting a lottery for toys.

An eminent phyſician has declared, that more deformed children have been brought into the world this laſt year than for twenty years before, on account of the ladies ſtooping in their carriages---One thing I am certain of---it makes them contract a habit of frowning, that furrows their foreheads.

A fine lady is the leaſt part of herſelf, and is every morning put together like ſome inſtrument. Dreſs is the ſubject eternally diſcuſſed. Gulliver tells us, that the ſages of Laputa, having ſubſtituted things in place of words, carried along with them ſuch things as were neceſſary to expreſs the particular buſineſs they intended to diſcourſe on.—Were this the caſe, it would be a great relief; but alas! they do no more here than propoſe the ſubject. But to return to the opera—Miſs *Ton*, in telling me who the people were, ſaid they were *horrid creatures*, that is to ſay, cenſorious or *awkward*, becauſe *not of her particular ſet*.

But what was my ſurpriſe to perceive her familiarly afterwards whiſpering to one, curtſying to another, telling a third how unfortunate ſhe had been in not being at home when ſhe did her the honour of calling on her! I could not help teſtifying my aſtoniſhment at her conduct!—She laughed and ſaid—I am civil to thoſe people, as the Indians worſhip the devil—*for fear*. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, the laſt lady has a rich brother lately come

come from India. In days of yore women married for a title, a fine ſeat, &c.—A title is very agreeable, but a *fine ſeat*, the very idea of it gives me the vapours! I would rather marry a London juſtice than a lord lieutenant of the county. It did very well formerly (when people were ſo dull as to be able to bear their own thoughts) to live moping at an old family place; but manners are *now* too much improved for *that*: and a nabob's caſh, without the appendages of the ſeats of his anceſtors, will ſuffice to carry me one ſeaſon to Spa, another to Tunbridge, &c. &c. ——In marrying a nabob, there is a moral ſecurity of never being buried in the country. I am no *devot*, but I believe there is ſuch a thing as conſcience; and, as few of theſe continental heroes can bear to liſten to their ſilent monitor——it induces them to lead *exactly the kind of life I like*---to *exclude reflection!*

I anſwered that ſhe was too ſevere; I made no doubt but that a man may get rich acroſs the Atlantic, without wounding his honor, and all the finer feelings of humanity by peculation and extortion, which leaves the poſſeſſors more wretched than pale-eyed poverty with all its whole train of meagre haunts. To change the converſation, I ſaid, ſo madam, I find you intend to marry. Yes, ſaid ſhe, *to be ſure*—But I hope in God I ſhall have no children to

ſpoil my ſhape. I cannot here refrain from telling you a circumſtance I ſaw occur myſelf. We dined at Lady——'s; I obſerved a lady change colour—Mrs.——whiſpered to her, that ladies in her ſituation (for ſhe appeared with child) were apt to be *indiſpoſed.* She ſeemed hurt at the ſuppoſition, and denied any thing was the matter with her! As by the converſation it appeared ſhe had *already had children*, I was at a loſs to account for *her conduct.* Colonel H——, her huſband, appeared very uneaſy—an inquiſitive look of kindneſs, a tender affectionate concern, were ſtrongly depicted on his manly countenance——his anxiety appeared to me to proceed from that fond attachment ariſing from loving another better than one's ſelf. I entered into his ideas, contemplated her happineſs, and as he is not a very young (though agreeable) man, the apparent attention he paid her confirmed me in what you know was always my ſentiments, that *ſuch* make the *beſt huſbands.* Deſirous of relieving his anxiety by contributing to her eaſe, I begged ſhe would permit me to accompany her to another apartment. As her uneaſineſs had greatly increaſed—ſhe was under a neceſſity of accepting my offer—and fainted as ſoon as ſhe got into Mr. ——'s library. The alarmed and fond huſband followed, who intreated a maid might be called to cut the lacing

lacing of her ſtays. He was much affected, and, addreſſing Lady Charlotte Sombre and me, ſaid, There young ladies, lies a victim of the faſhion! Before I brought her to this town---ſhe was the delighted mother of three fine children---but theſe fond ſenſations are now loſt in the trifling conſideration of a fine *ſhape*; and though in the laſt month of her pregnancy, ſhe has a vanity in flattering herſelf ſhe cannot be thought in *that ſituation*! The lady was carried home, and we heared next day ſhe had been delivered of a *ſtill-born child*.

Lord Spangle aſked miſs *Ton*, how ſoon ſhe got to bed the other morning? Not, my Lord, untill eight—you know we did not ſit down to dinner until twelve at night. Not until twelve at night! ſaid I. No, returned ſhe; you know nobody dines till after the opera: it was *Danzi's* benefit; all the world were there, and there were many ſongs *encored*——Dinner was ordered by eleven; but Lady Peccedillo was not at the opera—her monkey died, and ſhe had not nerves for ſeeing Lord —— who is always there, and who ſhe eſteems the direct image of her dead favourite. Her hair-dreſſer was ordered at ten, but diſappointed her—and dinner was retarded on her account. Pray, ſaid I, at what time did you ſup? Why, we ſat down to cards at two o'clock, played untill ſix, then went to ſupper, and parted

half

half an hour after ſeven! I find, ſaid I, that the people of the *ton* reckon the time according to the *Moſaic* cuſtom, where the evening and the morning make the day. But pray, madam, what becomes of your ſervants all this time? I hope you only appoint them to attend you home? Servants! Lord, Madam, nobody thinks of their ſervants! I do not ſee myſelf what buſineſs ſervants have to ſleep *at all!* I can do very well with three hours ſleep, and I expect next winter to bring myſelf to two!*

You ſay that Lady and Mrs. ——— have been lately abuſed, even by their own friends, that is to ſay—thoſe they aſſociated moſt with—Would you know the reaſon? My dear friend, they have left off play, at which they generally loſt conſiderably. The firſt of theſe ladies, from unavoidable misfortunes, altered her plans in life: the laſt from a different cauſe——— Her family remonſtrated, her huſband frowned; but they remonſtrated,

* Thus do many women ſacrifice their healths, without conſidering it is in vain to conquer nature. Man can ſubſiſt but for a determinate ſpace only aſleep or awake—by continual watching the inceſſant motion of the fibres would deſtroy their organic elaſticity, and prevent their future reparation; and by continual ſleeping, though the fibres are not fatigued, the nervous fluid would be gradually exhauſted by the action of the organs of life, and would never be repaired.

remonſtrated, and he frowned to *no purpoſe!* Her luck turned, her paſſion increaſed for that dangerous amuſement, yet ſhe took a reſolution, and would *play no more.*—She who was before ſet down as an agreeable acquaintance, was now deemed capricious, and the eyes of her card-playing acquaintances, who were before *blind* to her *real imperfections*, became now *ſcrupulouſly attentive* to her *imaginary errors.* Many various conjectures were formed for the reaſons of her conduct—many allegations made that ſhe had formed *an attachment*, or was deterred by *ſpouſe's directions!* To clear her at once from theſe imputations, neither of which (be they *crimes* or *virtues*) ſhe has a mind capable of—The truth is—ſhe has beautiful teeth—and accidentally read Mr. Tolver's book, where he conſiders the paſſions as internal cauſes of their diſeaſes.

Errors proceeding from the *ſenſations of the heart*, are not *thoſe* of this age. I was told there had been a long attachment between Lady ——— and Colonel ———. I deplored, I pitied her! He is now abroad in a dangerous ſituation! What anxiety, what wretchedneſs muſt ſhe not ſuffer! How ſurpriſed I was to find—ſhe never miſſes *a public place.* The Dutcheſs of W——— was much amuſed at my ſimplicity—Formerly (ſaid ſhe) if a woman had the misfortune *to love where* ſhe could not avow it

—decency

—decency induced her carefully to conceal her weakneſs—but now it is *quite otherwiſe*. The ſoft ſenſations find no admittance into their ſophiſticated hearts—though they have no objection to a man of faſhion *in their train*. And a certain ſet of the *ton*, or the *rage* go ſo far as even ſtudiouſly to afford an appearance *of what* in reality never entered into their *imaginations!*

I think I hear you ſay, how ſtrange! But every thing is ſo I think in this place. I met Lady Bab Corkrump the other day: My dear Lady Eliza, ſaid ſhe, I love a comedy of all things; pray let us go to one ſoon. I am diſengaged next Thurſday —That is very lucky returned I; I have *a box that evening: it is our favourite play*; and *Mrs. Abington acts!*—That is delightful, ſaid ſhe! And, added I, it is a charity play for the diſpenſary of the infant poor—upwards of twenty-ſix thouſand children have been relieved by this humane inſtitution ſince its commencement nine years ago. Lady Bab heard the above impatiently----It is a charity play, you ſay, madam! I don't know, I believe my brother expects ſome friends from the country. I ſuppoſe it will be no diſappointment to your ladyſhip if I *don't go?*—O, not in the leaſt, ſaid I—Thus the idea of *Charity* makes a fine lady ſhrink (as if it were contagious) into herſelf, and prevented

prevented Lady Bab from going to a place her inclination otherwiſe induced her to.

Lady Bab ſeems to have a great partiality for Sir Hugh, our neighbour---Since he got his fortune---his riots are generoſity----careleſſneſs, the freedom of his ſoul---his prodigalities, an eaſineſs of mind proportioned to his eſtate. He quarrelled the other day with Captain Eſſence on her account; and I was alarmed to the greateſt degree for the conſequences! ſhe laughed at my fears, aſſuring me there was no kind of danger in what I apprehended. The gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, have renounced the conduct of heroes. The cuſtom of wagers is the happy ſuccedaneum, and prevents much blood ſhed. Thus matters of diſpute are left in *tranquil doubt*, until the period arrives for *its* no leſs *tranquil deciſion*. It turned out as ſhe ſaid; Captain Eſſence wagered with Sir Hugh, that *the new club in St. James's Street would be the ruin of Lord* ——, *before the old one vis-a-vis had knocked up General* ——.

I have ſpent ſo much money on *bagatelles*, that I cannot help regretting the expenditure of what if otherwiſe applied might have produced ſuch beneficial effects.---But if we commit ſome follies, we are ſufficiently kept in countenance by the other ſex. Modern ſtory tells us the late king of Poland was ſo much captivated with forty-eight china vaſes, that he purchaſed them of the

late

late King of Pruſſia at the price of a *whole regiment of dragoons.*

You know my dear friend, how many elogiums have been beſtowed on lady Darnley, on account of the aids ſhe afforded for the diſquiſition of the particular genius's which diſtinguiſhed the young people, to prevent a miſapplication of the talents of the riſing generation. "It is not by a misapplication of talents," ſaid one, "that our preſent mortifications ariſe? Many a man miſcarrying in one profeſſion, would have ſucceeded happily in another. Hence we ſee ſo many heads applied to what requires thinking, which might have been applied to their country's good in the manner of the ancient uſe of *battering rams*, and have been run againſt ſtone walls *without the leaſt danger of being hurt.* If the mechanic ſhould invert all the principles which compoſe the knowledge of that ſcience; if he ſhould aſſign the wheels to be the principle of motion, the ſpring to run round and be moved, the weight to vibrate and regulate, and the pendulum to urge; would not all mankind deride ſuch a machine, becauſe it could not perform its office? Is not this the unhappy caſe of this country at preſent? have not our enemies taken the advantage of it?"

But to leave politics---which I owe to the obſervations of an old gentleman, who has too much reaſon to be chagrined with the procraſtination

procraſtination in the conduct of public affairs, as it has affected the intereſt of his private family—I am moſt ſincerely concerned on account of your aunt's apparent obſtinacy in favour of Mr. Bennet. Parents imagining that years *impart wiſdom*, which have only altered *taſtes*, are apt to be arbitrary in their determinations, and dreſs in the furs, which become the ice of old age, the glowing blood of youth. But do not, my dear friend, barter your happineſs for ſplendor. I ſuppoſe (but do not take my ſuppoſition for an oracle) that it is not likely I ſhall ever marry—If I do not, my fortune ſhall be yours; being ever moſt affectionately

Your ſincere friend

ELIZA FINLAY.

From the Earl of Munſter to the Counteſs of Darnley.

My dear Aunt,

Since I wrote you laſt, I walked one day into the city. A *black man*, *well dreſſed*, fell down in the ſtreet: as none was near, I ran, took him in my arms, and carried him into a houſe of refreſhment, where I immediately procured him aſſiſtance. Upon his recovery he acknowledged his obligations to me,

and ſaid, that but for me he muſt have died:—and at the end of the lottery of life, our laſt minutes, like benefit tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation. I accompanied him home, where I ſaw his wife; who, though as black as the collyed night, is as ingenious, ſenſible and agreeable a woman as can be found among the daughters of England. He enquired of her for a friend; who arriving, to my inexpreſſible ſurpriſe proved to be the Marquis de Villeroy, but ſo emaciated that the eye of friendſhip could not behold him without ſhedding tears———he knew me at once, and ran to my embrace—This, ſaid he to the black gentleman, is Lord Munſter, my friend, the companion of my youth.

After the joy we mutually teſtified at meeting, I could not help teſtifying my ſurpriſe at the alteration in his perſon! My Lord, replied he, I will acquaint you with the moſt extraordinary hiſtory that ever occurred to any one. Upon the receipt of your letter, I made no doubt, in the firſt impulſe of paſſion, but you had betrayed me; I ſuddenly left the army, and travelled day and night untill I took ſhipping for Rotterdam. On my arrival at that place, I found my father had left it; and was alſo informed of the honorable part you had acted, and that I had falſely flattered myſelf with the Countes's affection. I lamented

your

your misfortune and my impatience, as on reflection I was ſenſible of the imprudence I had committed in leaving my poſt — I was determined, however, not to lie under any imputation of cowardice—I returned to—— waited on the general officer—acquainted him with the real truth, obtained forgiveneſs of my fault, which was afterwards looked upon in a proper light, as I had the good fortune to diſtinguiſh myſelf ſoon after in two engagements. Upon our being ordered into winter quarters, I obtained leave of abſence, and was reſolved if poſſible to diſcover to what place my father had retired; for although my love was hopeleſs, I flattered myſelf ſtill with having it in my power to reſcue the Counteſs de Sons from his *tyranny*, and reſtore her *to you*.

My ſervant one day, with a face of joy, communicated to me that he had learned my father lived at a houſe near Marſeilles. He heard this, he ſaid, from a brother, who had an intrigue with one of the Ducheſs's maids. Is the duke then married? ſaid I.—Alas, my friend, ſaid the Marquis, I am ſorry to inform you, the object of your affections fell a victim to my father's deſigns —he compelled her to give him her hand! —I found he had turned the Counteſs's fortune into Caſh and jewels, on which he lived, being deſirous of concealing the place of his abode, jealous to the laſt degree of

her being ſeen! With this view all his ſervants *were females*.

Notwithſtanding theſe precautions, his domeſtics talked of his peculiarities; which occaſioned interrogatories concerning his funds of expence. Theſe the inquirers ſoon diſcovered were in ſpecie in the houſe: this determined them to rob him. My ſervant's brother, who was courting the ducheſs's maid, informed her of *me*; next day received a letter from my ſiſter, who promiſed to admit me one night into the houſe, where ſhe directed me to come in diſguiſe with my ſervant!---Thus was I made a tool of by theſe ruffians: they meant to effect the robbery by *my means*; and if detected, flattered themſelves they would be pardoned *on my account!* At the time appointed I went; Julia let me in, leaving the door open for my ſervant. She was beginning to inform me of all their diſtreſſes, when our ears were aſſaulted by an alarm-bell!---in an inſtant the houſe was filled with people; I heard my father ſay, Where is the raſcal who calls himſelf my ſon? My ſervant, upon being diſcovered, had informed him, that I had hired him and his three companions (whom he had introduced into the houſe) to murder and rob him, and to carry off the ladies! It was in vain I aſſured him to the contrary; he would not hearken to me; he recollected how much I had been

in

in love with his charming ward; he upbraided me with my wickedneſs, and perhaps did believe me guilty.

This affair, I make no doubt, has been miſrepreſented in the world------we have no true hiſtories, but ſuch as have been written by thoſe who were ſincere enough to relate what they have experienced, in what relates to themſelves.

I was ſeized, and carried to a dungeon untill my trial; when, without a hearing, I was condemned for life to be a galley-ſlave, and ſent for that purpoſe on board the gallies at Marſeilles. The labour of a *galley-ſlave* is become a proverb; nor is it without reaſon that this may be reckoned the greateſt fatigue that can be inflicted on wretchedneſs.

Imagine ſix men chained to their ſeats, entirely naked as when born, ſitting with one foot on a block of timber fixed to the footſtool; the other lifted up againſt the bench before them, holding in their hands an oar of an enormous ſize. Imagine them lengthening their bodies, their arms ſtretched out to puſh the oar over the backs of thoſe before them, who are alſo themſelves in a ſimilar attitude. Having thus advanced their oar, they raiſe that end which they hold in their hands, to plunge the oppoſite in the ſea; which done, they throw themſelves back upon their benches below, which

are ſomewhat hollowed to receive them. But none but thoſe who have ſeen them labour can conceive how much they endure: none but ſuch could be perſuaded that human ſtrength could ſuſtain the fatigue which they undergo for an hour ſucceſſively. But what cannot neceſſity and cruelty make men do? Almoſt impoſſibilities. Certainly no galley can be navigated in any other way, than by a crew of ſlaves, over whom a *comite* may exerciſe the moſt unbounded authority. No free man could continue at the oar an hour unwearied: yet a ſlave muſt ſometimes lengthen out his toil for ten, twelve, nay, for twenty hours, without the ſmalleſt intermiſſion. On theſe occaſions the *comites*, or ſome of the other mariners, put into the mouths of thoſe wretches a bit of bread ſteeped in wine, to prevent their fainting through exceſs of fatigue or hunger, while their hands are employed upon the oar. At ſuch times are heard nothing but horrid blaſphemies, loud burſts of deſpair, or ejaculations to heaven; all the ſlaves ſtreaming with blood, while their unpitying taſk-maſters mix oaths and threats, and the ſmacking of whips, to fill up this dreadful harmony.

At this time the captain roars to the *comite* to redouble his blows; and when any one drops from his oar in a ſwoon, (which not unfrequently happens) he is whipped while

any remains of life appear, and then thrown into the ſea, without any farther ceremony. The *Diable Boiteux*, in order to make *Cleofas* ſenſible of the happy condition of an inquiſitor, tells him, was not I a Dæmon, I would be an inquiſitor? Were the Devil to become a mortal, he would incline to be the *comite* to the galley-ſlaves at Marſeilles, whoſe hearts are inlapidated by cruelty.

How theſe ſlaves are fed, to enable them to ſupport ſuch enormous toil, may be judged from the following account.—When it was neceſſary we ſhould take ſome refreſhment, the captain ordered *the dogs to their meſs*. He only meant by this, that we ſhould be ſerved with beans, the uſual food allowed us. Theſe are indeed moſt intollerable eating, and what nothing but the moſt pinching hunger could diſpenſe with. They are ill boiled, with ſcarce any oil, a little ſalt, and all to be eaten out of a capacious cauldron, not the cleaneſt in the world, as may eaſily be conceived.

I was never ſo hungry but that I preferred eating my portion of bread dipped in vinegar and water to this meſs, which even offended the ſenſe of ſmelling. However, theſe, and twenty-two ounces of biſcuit, are all the food allowed for a galley-ſlave. Each of the crew receives four ounces of this beverages; that is, provided none of it be ſecreted

creted before it is brought upon deck, which is not unfrequently the caſe.

I once had the curioſity to count the number of beans which a brother ſlave had got for all his portion, which amounted to juſt thirty; and thoſe of the little black bean, commonly called horſe-beans. We did not even commiſerate one another. To pity, we muſt be acquainted with the ſufferings of our fellow creatures, but not feel them. When we know by experience what pain is, we pity thoſe who ſuffer; but when we ourſelves are in pain, we then feel only what we ourſelves undergo. In every ſtation, ſubject to the calamities of life, we allow to others that ſhare of our ſenſibility only which we have no occaſion for ourſelves. People in eaſe, people in affluence, may think otherwiſe, but it is not *in nature*.

Dreadful as this was, I have always thought death a puniſhment that was no way adequate to the crimes of ſome public villains who have been puniſhed with it; and I am certain the moſt cowardly among men, would prefer it to being a galley-ſlave. We are condemned to death by nature; the ſentence of the law, and the hand of the hangman, only anticipate a few months or days; but to be daily wiſhing for death, as a friend to relieve us, and to be debarred of all meanſ of meeting him, is ſuch a quinteſſence of wretchedneſs as would, I

believe,

believe, make all mankind keep a ſtrict guard upon their actions, that they may avoid falling into it.*

From this infernal ſtate of exiſtence I was delivered by Mr. Worthy, who is a ſlave merchant—he ſaw, and pitied my diſtreſs—he had accidentally ſaved the life of one of the ruffians who had aſſiſted in the attempt to rob my father. This man afterwards, upon his death-bed, acquainted his good maſter af my ſituation. who promiſed to releaſe me. This was effected by his giving a large ſum to the captain and the *comite*. The ſecret was told me; it was agreed I ſhould pretend to faint, and appear inſenſible; when I ſhould be thrown into the ſea as dead—This happily ſucceeded.

Nothing can be more unjuſt than to confine the inſtances of humanity within the narrow circle of a few European nations. The noble, the generous, the humane diſpoſitions are diffuſed throughout all nature, and exert their engaging force wherever a body of men ſubſiſts. Virtue and vice are mingled in all ſocieties: we have ſavages in Italy; and there are worthy men amongſt thoſe we call ſavages. Chriſtians do often thoſe things which a modeſt heathen would bluſh

* All miſdemeanors are puniſhed, among the Danes, by ſervitude in chains a longer or ſhorter time.

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believe, make all mankind keep a ſtrict guard upon their actions, that they may avoid falling into it.*

From this infernal ſtate of exiſtence I was delivered by Mr. Worthy, who is a ſlave merchant—he ſaw, and pitied my diſtreſs—he had accidentally ſaved the life of one of the ruffians who had aſſiſted in the attempt to rob my father. This man afterwards, upon his death-bed, acquainted his good maſter af my ſituation. who promiſed to releaſe me. This was effected by his giving a large ſum to the captain and the *comite*. The ſecret was told me; it was agreed I ſhould pretend to faint, and appear inſenſible; when I ſhould be thrown into the ſea as dead—This happily ſucceeded.

Nothing can be more unjuſt than to confine the inſtances of humanity within the narrow circle of a few European nations. The noble, the generous, the humane diſpoſitions are diffuſed throughout all nature, and exert their engaging force wherever a body of men ſubſiſts. Virtue and vice are mingled in all ſocieties: we have ſavages in Italy; and there are worthy men amongſt thoſe we call ſavages. Chriſtians do often thoſe things which a modeſt heathen would bluſh

* All miſdemeanors are puniſhed, among the Danes, by ſervitude in chains a longer or ſhorter time.

bluſh at, and while they boaſt of their religion, are ſtrangers to the common laws of humanity. It ſhould be the boaſt of a wiſe man to deſpiſe nothing that he is not well acquainted with, and to do juſtice to all mankind, of whatever country or complexion—Virtue like the rays of the ſun, ſhines over the whole habitable globe, enlivens the moral, as that the material world, and exerts its benign influences from the *ſcorching equinox* to the *frozen poles*. We feel its force' all communities are bound together by its magnetic influence; and without it the nations of Barbary would be covered with devaſtation, and no more inhabited than the ſcorching ſands of its inhoſpitable deſerts.

Mr. Worthy no ſooner caſt his eyes on me, and perceived my ſorrow, than pity, tenderneſs and compaſſion glowed in his countenance; his eyes moiſtened with generous ſympathy, and the firſt word he ſpoke convinced me that he already felt *all I had ſuffered*. But there is no pleaſure ſo tranſporting to him, as to be in any way inſtrumental in making any of the human ſpecies happy.

I acquieſced in the juſtice of theſe ſentiments—and could not ſufficiently admire the fortitude which had ſupported the Marquis under ſuch unheard of trials! And as our ſenſe of many high enjoyments, both natural

natural and moral, is exceedingly heightened, by our having obſerved or experienced many of the contrary evils; he bids fair at leaſt to be contented, when he looks back to the horrors he has eſcaped. The poet ſays,

The heart can ne'er a tranſport know
That never felt a pain.

It may eaſily be conceived the Marquis is moſt anxious to inquire after his family—but gratitude to Mr. Worthy has made him accompany him to England.

When I ſeemed to compaſſionate his ſufferings, his gratitude aſſumed a grateful humility; but the moment I appeared the leaſt inattentive to his misfortunes, his countenance collected ſuch an air of dignity, as not only reproached my ſeeming want of ſenſibility, but reminded me alſo, that his ſufferings were not the conſequences of guilt, nor could in the leaſt degree leſſen his greatneſs of mind.

I find Mr. Worthy has a law-ſuit depending; when that is ſettled he is to accompany my friend to Italy. He appears to me a very acute, ſenſible man;—we were talking the other day of the diſturbances at Madras, and of the ſtrange conduct of the people in Leadenhall-ſtreet—He ſaid it put him in mind of Anacharſus's obſervation to Solon, as they were returning from a public aſſembly, "That he could not help being greatly aſtoniſhed

aſtoniſhed to find, that, in their deliberations it was *the wiſe that ſpoke*, and the *fools that decided*." I believe, in public aſſemblies, this will be found generally to be the caſe, where party governs, and the moſt powerful cabal is generally compoſed of the leaſt rational.

I attend theſe dear friends every where. The Marquis is an *amateur*, and his taſte will be highly gratified, when at Munſter-houſe, to view the prodigies of *your creation* ---he is a deſcendant of the Medici family; conſequently highly charmed with the character of the Counteſs of Darnley. But this is a ſubject, I am incapable of entering upon---to praiſe exquiſite merit is perhaps the moſt difficult part of polite writing, and which I have no talents for; but which if I poſſeſſed, I ſhould tire you with what few other ladies ever yet was---*their own praiſes*. But I will yield to none in what I value myſelf upon, being truly and affectionately

Yours,

MUNSTER.

The Marquis de Villeroy became much enamoured with Lady Eliza, whoſe compaſſion for his misfortunes had ſo far ſoftened her heart in his favor, that ſhe liſtened to him firſt with complacency, afterwards with tenderneſs, and at laſt with the moſt lively intereſt.

intereſt. Congenial ſouls ſoon form an union. She acknowledged her partiality for him, but that no predilection whatever could induce her to leave her country and friends. This opinion was greatly ſtrengthened by the idea ſhe entertained of the inconſtancy of mankind, and the little regard they pay to women after a few years poſſeſſion.

The Marquis thought his renouncing his native country would be too great a ſacrifice to be offered at the altar of the Graces. Yet the idea of parting with Lady Eliza was what he was unable to ſuppport—She told him it would be in vain to think of making her ſoften the rigour of her decree; for it proceeded from a firmneſs, which nothing could conquer! for, from all her obſervations in life, no love ever laſted long enough to make it worth while to ſacrifice every thing elſe to it; the *Paradiſaic* viſion of eternal conſtancy having long vaniſhed from theſe ſublunary regions:—and that unleſs he would reſide in England—ſhe never would be his! A ſigh, which ſtole from him, conveyed to Lady Eliza the height of his deſpair—his embarraſſment and dejection increaſed her regard for him, while it awakened a tender commiſeration for them, believing herſelf entirely the cauſe of them. She therefore thought it incumbent on her to endeavour to remove them by every attention in her power—In conſequence of this

conſideration in his favor, ſhe ſtrove to look chearful, though ſhe was not a little hurt at finding it abſolutely neceſſary to reject ſo amiable and deſerving a man.

The Marquis, perceiving that remonſtrances would be ineffectual, took his leave with a heart diſtracted by grief, perplexity, and deſpair! being naturally of a reſtleſs, gloomy diſpoſition, and of violent paſſions, in his deſpair he thought his adventures had been ſo extraordinary that he was doomed to be wretched! and formed a reſolution of laying violent hands on himſelf: and the more he meditated on his ſituation, the more ſtrongly was he confirmed in his precipitate reſolution. Yet, as the inſtinct of ſelf-preſervation is one of the ſtrongeſt in our frame, it inſpired him with a counter-idea, that of renouncing Italy; this only acquieſcence being requiſite to recommend him to Lady Eliza, without whom his life would be a burthen. He communicated his intentions to Lord Munſter, who appriſed his ſiſter of this proof of the Marquis's attachment for her.

Flattered to the greateſt degree at the ſtrength of his affection, ſhe promiſed to give him her hand on his return from Italy —where he muſt neceſſarily go, to prove the identity of his perſon, and to take poſſeſſion of his fortune.

The

The Marquis made immediate preparations for his journey, and ſoon ſet out, accompanied by his friend Mr. Worthy, Mrs. Worthy accompanying Lady Eliza to Munſter-houſe—Soon after their arrival Lord and Lady Darnley rejoined them with their little ſon, her ladyſhip being too tender a mother to leave him behind her, or to commit him to the care of any but herſelf. The tender brain of *Newton*, or *Alexander*, altered in their infancy by a ſmall compreſſion, or ſlight commotion, might have rendered the firſt ſtupid, and the other a wiſe king—Yet people in general, though emulous of obtaining wealth for their heirs, commit them to the care of unintereſted hirelings. Sir Harry Bingley, his aunt and ſiſter, and moſt of the parties already introduced to the reader, aſſembled at Munſter-houſe to ſpend the ſummer.

Mrs. Lee had rejected every overture from her huſband for a reconciliation, whilſt his health and fortune laſted.—but to a mind like hers, misfortunes cancelled every injury His fortune ruined, his health impaired, he plunged deeper and deeper into every ſpecies of exceſs. This ſoon brought him to the greateſt diſtreſs, and he was ſo much reduced as to be in want of the common neceſſaries of life. Mrs. Lee, upon being informed of his deplorable ſituation, immediately converted that villa in Wales, of which there

has been a deſcription given, into money, paid her huſband's debts, and accompanied him at a wretched hovel, to which his poverty, the conſequence of his crimes, and infidelity *(to her)* had reduced him.—There ſhe continued, ſhewing him every attention untill his deceaſe; when ſhe came with Lady Darnley to Munſter-houſe.

Lady Eliza ſoon received the following Letter from the Marquis de Villeroy.

Madam,

Venice,

On my arrival at this place, I found that on the report of my death, my father had conſigned over his eſtate to a near relation of mine—who knew me at once, though ſo emaciated, and has acted in the moſt honorable manner to me. My father has retired to La-Trappe in France: thither my duty muſt lead me, previous to the happineſs I ſhall receive in throwing myſelf at your feet.

Were I diſpoſed to draw the moſt engaging *portrait* imaginable, I could eaſily find a ſubject; but as you may poſſibly wiſh for an intimate acquaintance with the original, I ſhall omit the attempt, ſince it would be difficult for you to obtain it from that principle in human nature which makes us ſtrangers *to ourſelves*.

I ſhall

I will detain your ladyſhip no longer, than to requeſt you will inform my friend, your brother, that I am mortified to be unable to deliver his letter to Mademoiſelle de Querci——no ſuch perſon can be found.

Need I paint that paſſion I have given you ſuch proofs of?—No; all deſcriptions would fall ſhort of my feelings. I will ever yield to every wiſh your ſoul can form; you are entirely abſolute, unleſs you ſhould attempt impoſſibilities, amongſt which I reckon this as the greateſt——for me to breathe a moment without being entirely and inviolably yours.

DE VILLEROY.

It may here be, perhaps, proper to inform the reader of what perhaps his own ſagacity may have made him anticipate—— The Duke de Salis had neither been able, by intreaties or threats, to compel the Counteſs de Sons to marry him, though he had given out that ſhe had; this induced him to keep both her and his daughter cloſely confined. It has been already related, how he had conſigned over his ſon as a houſe-breaker; when he found him condemned to the gallies——like the cruel inconſiſtency of an *Admiral's* judges*——he laid himſelf

 under

* Admiral Byng; on which occaſion the following verſes were made, which I now preſent to the reader.

We

under the neceſſity of declaiming the equity of his own ſentence—and when he found the decree againſt his ſon was inevitable—unable to bear the reproaches of his inward monitor, and liſtening to the whiſpers of a gloomy diſpoſition, he became almoſt frantic—In this ſituation of mind, torn with the agonies of grief, he became more careleſs of his ward—and the Counteſs and Julia eſcaped from him—After his conduct to his ſon—they trembled leaſt in ſome act of deſpair he ſhould on ſome future occaſion equal the paſt ſcene, which *chilled them with horror*—The Counteſs was ſeized with the ſmall-pox, which altered her features conſiderably, without impairing her beauty; this circumſtance facilitated their eluding all ſearch after them from the Duke, as

Julia

We the court-martial now begin to ſicken,
And find at laſt that we are conſcience ſtricken.
Sad ſuppliants in Byng's behalf we come,
And humbly crave you would defer his doom!
Bound by our oath, we cannot yet make clear
What 'twas we meant, nor *never* ſhall, we fear.
We found him guilty, and we found him not;
We wiſh'd him ſaved, yet wiſh'd him to be ſhot.
But as at land, ſo did we find at ſea:
If we did one, the other could not be.
Save him, great chief—your royal mercy ſhew!
Shoot him, dread chief—let royal juſtice flow!
Relieve our conſciences with pitying eye,
And grant that Byng may neither live nor die!

Julia wore men's clothes; and they ſupported themſelves by the ſale of jewels.

The intelligent reader now perceives, that Mademoiſelle de Querci and her brother, were no other than the Counteſs de Sons and Julia, whom Lord Munſter had met at Venice.

When the Duke de Salis retired to La-Trappe, the Counteſs de Sons appeared, and took poſſeſſion of her fortune. She had remained conſtantly and ſincerely attached to Lord Munſter, was flattered by his attentions at Venice, and found her eſteem increaſed by the regard he paid to his pre-engagements; but would not at that time diſcover herſelf, fearing that ſhe only flattered herſelf that he ſaw her with the eyes of affection, and leſt the ſmall-pox had made *ſuch* an alteration, as might change his ſentiments. Upon the Marquis de Villeroy's arrival in Italy, ſhe was highly charmed to receive a letter from Lord Munſter addreſſed to Mademoiſelle de Querci, and determined to accompany him and Julia to England; but this was carefully concealed, to render the diſcovery more pleaſing.

In the mean time, the family at Munſter-houſe paſt their time moſt agreeably, tho' Lord Munſter, Sir Harry Bingley, and Mrs. Lee, (who knew nothing of Mr. Villars) often were melancholy and *diſtrait*.

Lord

Lord Munſter made great Preparations to celebrate the anniverſary of Lady Darnley's wedding-day: on which occaſion a number of buildings were added to thoſe already mentioned on the pleaſure grounds —As all the beſt artificers were on the ſpot, theſe were executed in the ableſt manner. One temple he finiſhed without the inſpection of any one.

On the morning of the maſquerade, walking out with Sir Harry Bingley, he told him he ſhould be glad to have his opinion of it. In this temple was painted the *cataract* of the river Dahl, which he had drawn on the ſpot—the cottage where Miſs Harris reſided—and herſelf at work, in the ſame way in which he ſaw her, with her lovely boy playing beſide her (Miſs Harris had permitted Lord Munſter to draw her picture, and he had fortunately taken an exact likeneſs)—Sir Harry Bingley ſtarted at beholding it, and exclaimed, "It is her, it is, by Heaven, it is her! What artiſt drew that picture? it is, it is herſelf!"—he then ſunk almoſt motionleſs in a chair!—Lord Munſter careleſly anſwered,—"Bingley, are you mad? That picture *cannot* concern you; I painted it from life! Where did you ſee her? Anſwer but that queſtion, and I am gone, gone that inſtant; the world ſhould not

not detain me!" "It is, it is, my Lord, the lovely woman I told you of. But her graces were yet more charming ſtill than her beauty! an external glare of beauty may *captivate the eye, and raviſh the ſight*; but it is the graces that win the heart, that powerfully attract every faculty of a kindred mind!—I loved her, and was beloved! She loved my perſon, not my fortune. Her tenderneſs, her affection were my only joy!" "Why then, replied Lord Munſter, did you leave her? but make yourſelf eaſy on her account; ſhe can be nothing to you; I expect her ſoon in England."——"In England!"——"Yes, Sir, in England; I fancy by this time ſhe is married to my friend Ogilby." "Lord Ogilby!" "Yes; he was paſſionately in love with her: ſhe abſolutely refuſed him; but it is not likely, poſſeſſing ſuch beauty, ſuch perfections—ſlighted by the author of her excluſion from every dear and valuable claim in ſociety, relations, friends, reputation, and protection—that ſhe ſhould continue deaf to the earneſt ſolicitations of *another*, who can reſtore her to theſe advantages—ſuch a man as Ogilby, a tender lover, who would ſacrifice his time and fortune to her, and who promiſed he would be *a father to her boy*."

Sir Henry's ſenſes appeared ſuſpended.—He at laſt repeated, "Diſtraction, madneſs, fury! But, by the great God of Heaven—

he

he ſhall not be *a father to my boy*!" The agitation of his ſpirits rendered him almoſt unintelligible: Lord Munſter could only underſtand that he intended to ſet out directly—he therefore diſſuaded him from it——telling him, that if he refuſed ſtaying that day (on which he meant to mark his reſpect to Lady Darnley) that he muſt renounce his friendſhip for ever! "My Lord, returned he, I honor, I love you; your virtues demand the firſt, your amiable engaging qualities the laſt; but were you God inſtead of man you ſhould not detain me!—A few hours may render her the wife of the happy Ogilby! There is damnation in that thought!" —As Lord Munſter had contrived an agreeable ſurpriſe to Sir Henry—and Miſs Harris and her child were actually arrived, and concealed at Mr. Burt's, who had taken a ſeparate houſe, for retirement,—it was neceſſary he ſhould detain him; and as he had forgot to aſk where the ſcene repreſented *was*, he availed himſelf of that circumſtance, ſaying, "Since, Sir, I cannot command your *complaiſance*, I may at leaſt enforce your *obedience*, for you know not *where* to go, without I tell you—and my lips ſhall be ſealed up *for ever*, unleſs you paſs this night here—If in the morning you chooſe to ſet off, I will inſtruct you in every particular. In the time Lord Munſter was enjoying Sir Harry's happineſs—ſome of his friends

friends were equally engaged for him. The Counteſs de Sons and Julia, the Marquis de Villeroy, Mr. Villars, and Mr. Worthy, came to London before the maſquerade—Mr. Villars wrote to Lord Darnley, acquainting him privately with their arrival, and it was agreed in return they ſhould all make their appearance on that occaſion.

This entertainment was executed equal to the munificence and taſte of Lord Munſter—and as it was given entirely in honor of Lady Darnley, the principal objects in his arrangements had a reference to her. Never was parental affection more fondly evinced, never was filial gratitude more entire—It has been already obſerved, that nothing was ever more elegantly planned than Munſter Village, the farm adjoining, and the pleaſure-grounds which lead to the houſe: in the farm you wandered from variety to variety; buildings of great utility and much fancy, groves inſpiring different ſenſations, from the lucid ſummits that wake the mind to gaiety, to the dark brown or *clair obſcure* of trees crowding their branches together in the vale, which poſſeſs the ſoul with home-felt contemplation.

Above three hundred of the nobility and people of faſhion in the neighbourhood were invited. Lord and Lady Darnley, Lord Munſter, Lady Eliza, and Mr. Worthy, were the only people unmaſked. They received

ceived the company in the temple of Minerva, which faced a fine piece of water, on which there is an iſland. The river repreſented the Styx*, the iſland Eliſium, and Charon ferried over paſſengers. His boat landing, the names of Demoſthenes, Ariſtotle, Pindar, Plato, Appelles, Phidias, and Praxiteles, were announced to Lady Darnley —They were all dreſſed in Grecian habits. Demoſthenes, in an elegant harangue, acquainted her, that the wiſe Minos had indulged them in their requeſt, of taking that opportunity of doing homage to her ſuperlative merit, and to return her thanks for reviving their memories in the encouragement ſhe gave to the arts and ſciences, as under her patronage the Muſes had made Munſter Village their capital ſeat. He then expatiated on the advantages ſhe had procured to ſociety--the influence of the philoſophic

* Eliſium, Minos, Mercury, Charon, Styx, &c. are here neceſſarily introduced. If they ſhould offend any pious or critical ears, I ſhall defend myſelf (as has been done before) by the ſolemn declaration which is always annexed by the Italian writers to works where they are obliged to uſe ſuch expreſſions: "*Se haveſſi nomenato Fato, Fortuna, Deſtino, Eliſio, Stige, &c. ſono ſcarzi di penna poetica, non ſentimenti di anema catolico.*" If I have annexed Fate, Fortune, Dettiny, Eliſium, Styx, &c. they are only the ſports of a poetical fancy, not the ſentiments of a Catholic mind.

ſophic ſpirit in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleaſures--in exploring, by the help of geometry, the ſyſtem of the univerſe—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine and moral and political ſcience. Lady Darnley (though totally unprepared, being ignorant of her nephew's plans) made a very ready and polite anſwer, returning them thanks for the honor they did her, which (ſhe ſaid) as it could afford them no other *pleaſure*, than that of *obliging*, rendered the obligation greater. Demoſthenes replied, that great geniuſes are always ſuperior to their own abilities.

Some time after Charon was obſerved to land ſome paſſengers in Roman habits; they proved to be Cicero, Lucretius, Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, Tibullus, and Vitruvius. Cicero advancing, made Lady Darnley a ſpeech ſimilar to that of Demoſthenes—as like thoughts will ever be born of the like ſubjects, by people who live in correſponding periods of the *progreſſion of manners*. In ſuch caſes ſome conſiderable *ſimilarity* of expreſſion may be occaſioned by the agency of *general principles*. Lady Darnley made a gracious reply, intimating her ſmall merit, and the apprehenſions ſhe felt that phyſical cauſes might impede the good intentions; that her powers had been limited; but that ſhe was far from thinking

with Boileau, that wherever there is a Mæcenas, a Virgil or an Horace will ariſe, (curtſying to theſe gentlemen.) Cicero obſerved to her the happineſs ſhe enjoyed in living at a *period* diſtinguiſhed by men of ſuch ſhining abilities in every department!

Lady Darnley anſwered, that ſhe honored her countrymen very much: that ſhe acknowledged we have at preſent very able men in every department; but that in morality ſhe was afraid we have refined more upon the *vices* of the ancients than *their virtues*, and ſhe could not help queſtioning whether there was any miniſter, magiſtrate, or lawyer, now in Europe, who could explain the diſcoveries of Newton, or the ideas of Leibnitz, in the ſame manner as the principles of Zeno, Plato, and Epicurus, had been illuſtrated at Rome*.

He thanked her for her polite compliment, and retired with his companions.

They were ſucceeded by Italians, who were announced Lawrence de Medicis, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Arioſto, and Taſſo. Lawrence de Medicis expreſſed his happineſs from having been permitted the honor of paying his reſpects to her, and admiring the works of her creation, and complimented her in the name of his friends for the encouragement ſhe had afforded the arts.—

* By Cicero.

arts—She ſaid, the applauſe of the worthy is too valuable to be received with indifference; but ſtill modeſtly declined the praiſes beſtowed on her, ſaying, ſhe had endeavoured to follow *his* example, although the imitation was *a faint one*; and that the only commendation ſhe aſpired to was from *the attempt*. That without her aſſiſtance, ſhe made no doubt, if phyſical cauſes did not prevent it*, that the ſociety for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce in London, is well calculated to diffuſe a ſpirit of taſte in this nation—a ſociety, which, without neglecting what tends more immediately to the improvement of agriculture, and the neceſſary arts of life, gives the moſt honourhble encouragement to thoſe which are elegant and ornamental. Had ſuch a ſociety been inſtituted fifty years ago, London, perhaps by this time, would have been the grand ſeat of the arts, as it is the envied ſeat of freedom.

Michael Angelo, that celebrated reſtorer of the arts of painting, ſculpture, and architecture, expreſſed how infinitely he was charmed with Munſter Village—"What is really beautiful, ſaid he, does not depend either upon faſhion, or times; there may be

* According to the Abbé de Bos's hypotheſis.

§ Thoſe in the ſhades are ſuppoſed acquainted with the tranſactions in the world.

different ways of expreſſing things in different ages; but there can only *be one* of conceiving them properly." The temple, in which they were, was adorned with the paintings of Raphael*, copied by an able artiſt. Lady Darnley, pointing to theſe, (and addreſſing him) ſaid, "There is a proof of how much we fall ſhort, how faintly we copy originals!"—Raphael replied, that her ladyſhip did him much honor; the pieces ſhe had ſelected, had met with the ſuffrage of the public; but that, in his own acceptation, *the cartoons* were the beſt of his performances—which he apprehended a juſter prevailing taſte at preſent condemned: Otherwiſe the father of his people, approved of by Minos—ſo good, ſo indulgent a prince to his ſubjects—would not lock them up from public obſervation.—Lady Darnley was

here

* The pictures, were, the Parnaſſus of Raphael—and the ſchool of Athens, which is a moſt glorious performance, and worthy the hand of a divinity—The firſt is in the hall of Conſtantine at Rome; and contains no leſs than twenty-eight figures—two of which in particular, the one repreſenting Juſtice, and the other Meekneſs, are incomparable—They were the laſt things he executed before his death—They contain all that is excellent in painting, whether we conſider them in the beauty of the compoſition, the noble gracefulneſs of the characters, the uncommon greatneſs of the ſtyle of the draperies, or the wonderful force of colouring, light, and ſhade.

here quite at a loss; she blushed, hesitated, unwilling either to refuse her sovereign *taste* or *philantrophy*!

Lawrence de Medicis perceiving her situation, in pity to her confusion, retired with his company.

Charon again landed a groupe of figures, their dress declared them English, of the reign of King Charles II.—They proved to be the Duke of Buckingham*, Sir William Petty, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Locke, Mr. Waller, &c. The Duke addressed Lady Darnley with that polite address peculiar to himself in his age, and which has since been sedulously studied, to the prevention of qualities which it should only be the harbinger of—he expatiated on her merit, that she had obliged the whole nation, as every one individual might receive improvement or pleasure by her means—Lady Darnley returned him a most gracious answer, still intimating her apprehensions, that the arts perhaps were not likely to thrive in this soil, where our pursuits, opinions, and inclinations, vary with the weather—that the de-

* He was sent over as an hasty extraordinary to France on the king's restoration. He was received at that court with great distinction; which seldom considers more than the external appearance. His Grace possessed *all the graces*. Lewis XIV. then in the bloom of his age, said he was the only *English* gentleman he had ever seen.

clenſion of letters after the reign of Charles II. but too fully juſtified her opinion——— The Duke anſwered her, that indeed that was the common and received opinion, and that the reign ſhe mentioned was the Auguſtan age in England; but that he had the honor to aſſure her, that a juſt taſte was by no means then formed.——The progreſs of philological learning, and the *Belles Lettres* was obſtructed by the inſtitution of the Royal Society, which turned the thoughts of men of genius to phyſical inquiries.—To that body we were indebted for the diſcoveries relating to light, the principle of gravitation, the motion of the fixed ſtars, the geometry of tranſcidental qualities, but qualities, but that it was left to her ladyſhip to revive the agreeable arts, for which her name muſt be handed down to poſterity with honor.

The following dialogue enſued between Charon and a Beau.

Beau.——I have ſeen all parts of the world, and ſhould like to take a view of Eliſium, being rather tired of this ſide the Styx.

Mercury to Charon.——He is too frivolous an animal to preſent to the vile Minos!

Charon—

Deities interfere when they pleaſe—unſeen by mortals!

Charon. ——Minos, Sir, knows nothing of *the graces*—but if you pleaſe I will row you to the infernal regions.

Beau.——With all my heart, I believe I ſhall meet more people of faſhion there* ; but, good maſter Charon, in what way ſhall I paſs my time?

Charon.——If you are fond of doing nothin (a favorite paſſion with many fine gentlemen) Theſeus will readily reſign his ſeat to you: or if it is your genius, like many others, to chooſe to be,

"*Though without buſineſs, yet in full employ,*"

you may join Siſyphus, or accompany the Danaides.

Beau.——Neither of theſe will ſuit me; *idleneſs* is *inſipid*, and I *deteſt buſineſs!* But are there no public places?

Charon.——O! yes; great variety;—each perſon in that place purſues thoſe inclinations, whereby he had been ſwayed, or had rendered himſelf remarkable here on earth.

Beau.——There are fine women then, of courſe?

Charon.——As to women, no ſeraglio in the world comes up to it; as a part of whatever the world ſince its creation, has ever yet produced, of lovely and enchanting amongſt women, are there aſſembled.—There

* 1 Corinthians, chap. i. v. 26.

There you may view and gaze, with admiration, upon Helen, whose bewitching charms were so destructive to the family, the city, and empire of King Priam.—On each side of her are Galatea, and Bresis, Lais, Phryne, and thousands more—There also you may behold in all their charms, in the full lustre of attraction, and decked in every grace, some of those happy fair ones, whom the greatest poets, so lavish in their praise, have in their lays immortalised; such, amongst many others, are the Corinna of Ovid, the Lydia of Horace, the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Licoris of Gallus, and the Cynthia of Propertius.

Beau.——I will go; I am enchanted with the idea of seeing these *dear creatures*.—But I will shiver the wheel and distaff of the Destinies against the wall, and spoil their housewifery—I'll take their spindle, where hang the threads of human life like beams driven from the sun, and mix them all together, kings and beggars! But hark ee, master Charon, is there good music! I cannot do well without music!

Charon——There are all kinds of concertos and operas, both vocal and instrumental, executed by the very best of the Italians, and the most celebrated voices from every part of the world. There are various pieces performed in all languages, and in all kinds of taste, for the universal satisfaction

faction of the audience. Thoſe who have a taſte for ancient muſic, will be more gratified than they can be in Tottenham-ſtreet[a]. They will hear with admiration the gentle flute of Marſius, be raviſhed with the thorough-baſs of Stentor, and expire with delight at the thrilling note of Miſurus's trumpet.

Beau.——All this is charming; but what ſort of a table is kept? One cannot altogether live on *love* and *muſic*, though one muſt *languiſh* and *expire* without them, as well as *with them!*

Charon.——If you are fond of good chear, you have nothing to do but to pay a viſit to Tantalus. Are you thirſty? The Styx, the Cocytus, and the Phlegethon preſent their waves to your acceptance.

Beau.——I ſhould indeed rather prefer the nectar of the gods—but as I ſhall not ſtay long (for I make it a rule never to ſtay long in a place) water may ſuffice!

Charon.——It would have been as eaſy to have eſcaped from the Labyrinth of Dedalus, as the infernal regions!

Beau.——I have always (though as wild as March, and inconſtant as April) been a favourite with the fair! Ariadne procured for her Theſeus a means of eſcape.

Charon.——I make no doubt, from your converſation.

[a] A concert eſtabliſhed there in 1776.

converſation, that you are not only the favourite, but the bleſſed Adonis of all the women! but *that* will avail you nothing. Lucifer, the unpitying Lucifer, though you ſhould promiſe to offer him every day three hundred bulls in ſacrifice*, would not lend you even one of the ſmalleſt of his imps to help you to get out.

Beau.——Did not Hercules eſcape from it, and carry Cerberus along with him? Did not Æneas (with the aſſiſtance of the golden bough, and led by the Cumæan Sybil) take the ſame journey to pay a viſit to his father? Why may not I, like Orpheus, go to viſit it while living?

Charon.——Orpheus was particularly indulged, and Eurydice reſtored to him on account of his charming voice, and the delightful muſic of his lyre! You have no ſuch pretenſions. But Alecto, Megara, and Tyſiphone, will receive you graciouſly and open the gates of *Tartarus* to you. The leaſt of your exploits will entitle you to their attentions;—they are too good, too reaſonable, too indulgent to require from you the very great pains you have taken, through the whole courſe of your life, to recommend yourſelf to them.

Beau.——Let us go then, old boy! I will try what a little flattery will do with them! I can ſay *with Ceſar*, I wonder what fear

* Horace, lib. ii. ode 14.

ſear is!--(Aſide) But my heart plaguily miſgives me for *all that!* but in my circumſtances I muſt change for the better; my money is gone; and as I never gamed, I cannot expect the *club, or the waiters at the club,* to make *a ſubſcription for me!*

Two peers and a baronet applied to Charon, to ferry them over to Munſter-houſe: but Mercury again interfered, telling Lord C——d that although he he had been thought in the world not to have been *ſans quelque gout* in the *belle maniere*, and had been an encourager of the *Belles Lettres*, yet as Minos only permitted them to come back to the world (in the preſent caſe) to do honor to the ſuperlative feminine merit, none but ſuch who had paid a proper reſpect to the ſex in their life time could be indulged in that pleaſure. But if he would burn his book (wherein he depreciates women, and conſiders them only as the toys of dalliance) in *the fiery billows of Phlegethon*, he would intercede for him with Minos. This the peer rejecting, his brother the baronet intreated to be permitted to go in his ſtead; but Mercury reminded him, he had pulled down a houſe built by Inigo Jones, and therefore could have no pretenſions to taſte!

Lord L——n was ferried over by himſelf; and after paying his compliments to Lady Darnley, returned; when the following

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ing dialogue took place in Elisium between his lordship and the other peer above mentioned.

Lord C——d.——Your lordship may believe that I could have no great pleasure in seeing a woman's follies: I was only desirous of inquiring what they are doing at home, or in America? Did I desire to punish an enemy in the severest manner, I would inflict nothing worse upon him than to oblige him to listen to all the follies in which he has no share, and to be witness to gaieties in which he cannot partake. My heart was never dilated by the amplitude of generous principles; nothing was ever interesting to me, but in proportion as it contributed to my *own* particular *gratifications*. Curiosity now however prevailed with me to attempt going to discover in what way they are going on, being apprehensive of the consequences of the measures formerly adopted. Whoever would deprive men of their natural rights, is an enemy to the race of men, and he that thinks it can be effectuated without universal mischief, is a stranger to the ways of Providence, the most invariable rule of which is, That nothing contradictory to its original laws shall ever be accomplished, either of a physical or moral nature, without bringing ruin on that people which has instituted it. How few are capable of distinguishing the good

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and pernicious effects which will follow the inſtituting a new law, before it is enacted! To remedy preſent evils, they make a law which brings greater miſchiefs along with it, though imperceptible to their ſhallow capacities. No two underſtandings on earth are more different than a judicial legiſlative; many men enjoy the firſt, who have not the leaſt emanation of the ſecond. When a law is to be founded, which depends on the firſt principles in human nature, there genius only can effectuate any diſcovery of truth; the mind muſt dart forward into futurity, from the principles which it knows in human nature: a genius of quite a different kind from that of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong in any particular caſe. The firſt only can form the legiſlature, and plan laws of utility and public good, the latter decide of the conſequences of them when they are made. The one capacity is the moſt rare, moſt excellent and beneficial bleſſing beſtowed on man; the other to be found in almoſt all mankind, or attainable by habit, yet uſeful when confined to its proper ſphere of action, and not permitted to rove, with the imagination of the ſuperior *few*, amongſt the regions of exalted genius.

Lord L——n.——It is not enough, my Lord, that the Engliſh are a *miſerable*, they render themſelves a *ridiculous* people:

And, after all the noiſe the brawlers make in the lower houſe, they only fight the battles, aid the wiſhes of the Americans, and exalt the triumph of the French! In private life it is reckoned a good expedient, for the ſake of an eaſy, quiet life, to be patient, and ſubmiſſive under what are ſuppoſed *neceſſary evils:* but I differ ſo much from this maxim, that I am convinced thoſe will ever be *trod upon* who *creep*; and that certain ſubmiſſions derogatory to a ſenſe of honor in an individual or the nation, never *prevent the blow*, though it may be *protracted* for a ſeaſon, in order to lay it on with a redoubled force at a time our ſtrength is weakened, and that we are debilitated by our mortifications and a ſenſe of the ſubmiſſions we have made injurious to the honor of an individual or the pride of the nation. It is a mortifying æra, but muſt have its place in the annals of this diſgraced kingdom, whilſt extravagance and every ſpecies of gaieties daily increaſe.

I am ſorry to acquaint your Lordſhip, that the publication of your book has given in England the ſame wound to morality and buſineſs as the publication of *the ſpirit of laws* has given in France to the monarchical conſtitution. The Engliſh ſtudy nothing now but the *Graces*. Procraſtination is the *ton*, becauſe any thing *abrupt is ungraceful*. The increaſe of manners has always been

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thought as imperceptible as the hand of a clock, which though in conſtant motion cannot be diſtinguiſhed in *that motion*. But your book has occaſioned a more rapid change: your countrymen having exchanged the *armour of Mars* for the *amours of Venus*, their *greatneſs of mind* and *magnanimity* for *trifling purſuits*; and, inſtead of ſpeaking forcibly in the ſenate, they whine a tale of love in the ear of their miſtreſſes: having deſcended ſuddenly, like ſkilful muſicians, from the *forte* and the *pompoſo* to the *pia* and the *pianiſſimo*. Refinement will bring us back to barbarity——far be it from me to ſuppoſe ſuch an event can happen ſuddenly; but in the courſe of a few years, I make no noubt, as a man in days of yore that could read *had the beneſit of clergy*, ſo will a man be eſteemed an able miniſter, or an expert negociator of buſineſs if he can write a pretty ſonnet——or dance a good minuet.

Lord C——d.——The graces, my lord, I ſtill ſay, the graces for ever——and as to dancing, can there be any ſcience more uſeful for a miniſter to learn—to figure *out* with a good grace, never to loſe *time*, and not even to nod, inſtead of *ſleeping a century?**

Two other paſſengers applied to Charon

* Alludes to a circumſtance that paſſed in the houſe of commons.

to ferry them over the Styx, Homer and Oſſian.

Mercury told Charon that he might carry Homer to Olympus, and place him with the demigods; but he could not be permitted to go to Munſter-houſe, for the ſame reaſon Lord C——d had been rejected: But Oſſian had a juſt claim to that indulgence.

The Chief of other years being landed, addreſſed Lady Darnley as follows:

Oſſian.——I have eſcaped from *the narrow houſe**! I have croſſed *Colamon*†, O daughter of Munſter, to behold thy glory. My joy returns as when I firſt beheld the maid, the white-boſomed daughter of ſtrangers, *Moina*‡ with the dark blue eyes: But *Crimona*‖ ſhould be thy name, for thou art the guiding ſtar of the women of Albion, who mark no years with their deeds! Time rolls on, ſeaſons return, but they are ſtill unknown. Vanity is their recompence; and when their years ſhall have an end, no grey ſtone ſhall riſe to their renown! But the departure of thy ſoul ſhall be a ſtream of light! A thouſand bards ſhall ſing of thy praiſe, and the maids of harmony, with their

* *The narrow-houſe*, the grave.
† *Col amon*, a narrow river.
‡ *Moina*, a woman ſoft in temper.
‖ *Crimona*, a woman with a great ſoul.

their trembling harps, ſhall relate thy mighty deeds!

Thy ſon, when the years of his youth ſhall ariſe, will raiſe the mould about thy ſtone, and bid it ſpeak to other years! The joy of his grief will be great! Like the memory of joys that are paſt, pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul. He will ſay, "ſhe will not come forth in her beauty, will move no more in the ſteps of her lovelineſs: but ſhe will be like the rainbow on ſtreams, or the gilding of ſun-beams on the hills! She has not fallen unknown! Her fame ſurrounded her like light; her rays, like thoſe of the ſun, cheriſhed all on whom they fell. Her wealth was the ſupport of the needy; the weak reſted ſecure in her halls! She ſoftened at the ſight of the ſad; her blue eyes rolled in tears for the afflicted; her breaſt of ſnow heaved for the oppreſſed; and the moving of her lips aſſuaged their grief! O ſons of Albion, may you behold her ſon, like the *halo* of the *rainbow* exhibit *the ſame* though *fainter colours!*"

Lady Darnley.----Father of heroes, dweller of eddying winds, thy praiſe gladdens my heart! My ſoul is exalted, my fame ſecured, by the voice of Conna*! Thou haſt been a beam of light to latter times, as thy mighty deeds have been remembered, tho' thou haſt long been a blaſt!

* Oſſian is ſometimes poetically called Conna.

Thy renown grew only on the fall of the haughty; thy foes were the ſons of the guilty; but thine arm reſcued the feeble!

Thou wenteſt forth in echoing ſteel, and conquered the king of many iſles: He brought thee his daughter Oina-moral, as an offering of peace. She was gentle as the evening breeze; her hair was of a raven black, and her boſom vied in whiteneſs with the *Canna** on the Fuar-Bhean†.——And though thy locks were young, yielded her to the hero ſhe loved ‡! But like unto Cathmor§ of old, I perceive the ſound of thy praiſes is diſpleaſing to thine ear!

Oſſian.——Juſt praiſe, like the water of a *clear fountain*, was ever pleaſant to my taſte; but

* *Canna*, a ſort of down, like, but whiter and ſhorter than cotton; it is very common on the hills of the highlands. They have attempted to ſpin it, but it was either too ſhort, or the fingers that made the experiment too indelicate——Nothing can exceed the purity of its whiteneſs.

† *Fuar Bhean*, cold mountains.

‡ Livy has juſtly raiſed the praiſe of Scipio, who reſtored to her lover the Celtiberian captive; which has been the favourite topic of eloquence in every age and every country. The author cannot think it merited ſuch commendation, as to have acted otherwiſe would have been mere brutality——but if granted ſo liberally to Scipio, it cannot be refuſed to Oſſian.

§ Cathmor is repreſented in Oſſian's poems, as lying down beſide a river to have the ſound of his praiſes loſt in that of a water-fall.

but I never rejoiced in unmerited applauſe, reſigning that *muddy joy* to the ſons of later days!

It is true, O daughter of Albion, that, ſurrounded by the valiant in arms, I conquered the king of many iſles—that he preſented the maid to me in her lovelineſs as an offering of peace! She purpled the morn with bluſhes as ſhe approached, and ſcattered ſuch bright rays, as the ſun might have dreſſed his beams with for that day's glory! But ſhe had given her heart to another, and met my eyes of love with ſorrow! In thrilling notes vibrating from her inmoſt ſoul, ſhe conveyed to me the pangs of her heart! "Breaker of the ſhield (ſaid ſhe) give ear unto the voice of mourning, attend to my tale, of woe---a tale, which though thy eyes of ſteel are uſed more to ſtrike fire than ſhed a tear, muſt have that power to move thee."

My parents had ſeen many returning ſeaſons with their ſprings, but no offſpring of theirs aroſe. My mother lamented a diſgrace, ſcarce known among the daughters of Caledonia. She conſulted the cunning-man of the rock: He ſaid, "Daughter, be of good cheer; take the ſon of thine adverſary that is low, rear him; thy piety will be rewarded; thou ſhalt have a daughter whom thou *muſt give him to wife!*" When ſhe declared this unto my father (as ſhe was

ſtricken

ſtricken in years) there immediately ran a ſmile over his face, like the little ruffling of water when a gentle breeze breathes upon the ſurface of a lake; but he adopted Tonthormid, and ſome moons after I came forth as a flower; but as the bud, bit with an envious worm ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air, or dedicate his beauty to the ſun, dies, ſo ſhall I ſoon fly away as a ſhadow. Not the white down that decks the ſilver ſwan is more unlike the ſooty raven's back, than my lover from the reſt of his ſex. Bred up with him, my firſt accents were attuned to love; he took delight in my infantine careſſes. Time ran on with its years---My father corrected my tenderneſs; and I became ſenſible of my error as ſoon as I was conſcious of my feelings. Tonthormid alſo, from our inequality of fortune, tried to ſuppreſs his paſſion, judging what was then a lambent fire, would ſoon blaze into a flame! True love, like the lily of the vale, is fond of concealment; but, as the fragrancy of the one occaſions its diſcovery, ſo does the concealment of the other prove its reality! I loved and was beloved; my father ſaw, and approved our paſſion. A ſucceſſion of moons had not frozen the genial current of his ſoul, nor repeated ſhocks blunted all its tendereſt ſenſations.--- But we were ignorant of his intentions. When he appointed us to meet him at his

cave

cave of contomplation, the heart of Tonthormid palpitated with fear, mine with hope—we had a conſiderable way to go, but remained *ſilent!*—we walked through a pleaſant graſſy walk, ſhaded with rows of lime-trees, at the ſide of which ran along in plaintive murmurs, a cryſtal brook, on the ſides of whoſe mazy and transfluent ſtream were planted buſhes of various kinds, with birds in high harmony on the ſprays.

Arrived at the cave, my father announced to my lover that he muſt prepare to accompany him to battle! Aghaſt he ſtood, ſilent as the midnight hour, unmoved as the ſtatue of deſpair! The venerable Chief reproached him for his coldneſs.

"Alas! ſaid he, the din of arms is no more offenſive to my ear than the murmuring of falling waters, the vernal breeze ſighing through the leaves, or the melodious ſong of the evening nightingale; but if we ſhould fall in battle, what will become of this lovely maid?

My father, ſwearing by the great Loda, promiſed I ſhould be his—if we conquered —but reminded him, that

"*Love ſhould be the zephir, not the whirlwind of the ſoul.*

Tonthormid was all rapture, while every line in my countenance, witneſſed my ſatisfaction.

tisfaction. We were reſtored to that unexpected tranquility of ſpirits, which naturally follows a great dejection in moſt minds, when the firſt pangs are ſomewhat abated—not unlike that ſtillneſs in the ſky which is ſometimes obſerved when two oppoſite and gentle winds have juſt overcome one another's motion—or like the tide at the moment of high water, before it has received the contrary direction.

They ſet out, receiving my careſſes, intermixed with ſmiles and tears, like an April ſun ſhining through tranſient ſhowers. They met the foe, *conquered*, and returned.

The feaſt of ſhells was prepared, the maids of mirth attended with their harps, and the riſing ſun would have beheld me Tonthormid's! The virgins envied me in the hall, my ſteps were ſtrewed with flowers, and I was happieſt, where a thouſand are happy. The ſubtile air was calm from miſts, and water with her curled waves ſwept the bounded channels of the deep; the nightingales were heard in the grove, and ſoothed my ſoul with tender tales of love; not a breeze breathed through the trees; all nature was ſtill, as if it paid homage to our paſſion. But oh! my ſummer's day was ſoon turned into winter's night! Ah, foul ambition! which like water-floods, not channel bound, doſt neighbours over-run!——fell violence leaped forth like thunder wrapped in a ball

of

of fire! Thou cameſt with thy men of ſteel; I beheld thee from the clefts of the rock; terrors turned upon me, like an earthquake they ſhook my trembling heart! they ſtill purſue my ſoul as the wind. My joy is withered; my welfare has paſſed away like a cloud; my comforts have been like winter ſuns, that riſe late and ſet betimes, ſet with thick clouds, that hide their light at noon!"

Thus ſang the maid in her grief, like the *Lus Cromcina*, bending in penſive ſilence, a beautiful flower drooping in the ſhade, wanting the beams of the ſun to revive it. She ſoon perceived my heart was not made of braſs, or carved from the ſtony rock. Hope animated her weakened ſpirits, whilſt the dignity of her ſoul irradiated every feature; the bluſh of modeſty ſtole over the cheek, and the graces dwelt on her coral lips. Sweet as the dew from heaven her lovely accents fell, and moved me. She proceeded, "I ſee my tears have mollified thy heart! If fame tells true, never over the fallen did thine eyes rejoice, and thou knoweſt the herbs on the hill!* Reſtore me then to the hero that is low; my tears will refreſh him, as the dew of the morning doth the green herbage

* The highlanders are peculiarly intelligent in underſtanding the virtue of plants in curing wounds—The regularity of their lives precludes all diſeaſes, ſuch as are incident to old age excepted.

herbage!—He mocked at fear; never retired from the foe, or was ever vanquiſhed, but by the ſon of Fingal! Glorious is it to thee, O hero! great will be thy renown; thou haſt ſubdued the firſt of men!

Were the earth his bed, a rock his pillow, his curtain heaven, with him alone could I be bleſſed! From a rock that weeps a running cryſtal, I will fill his ſhell cup. I'll gently raiſe his weakened body*, and the murmur of this water, inſtead of muſic, ſhall charm him into ſleep; and whilſt he ſleeps my cares ſhall watch to preſerve him from the beaſts of prey! The fern on the heath, if cut a thouſand times, repreſents the ſame figure—ſo is the image of my love engraved on the inmoſt core of my heart! I hold the *thread* of his peace: can I forget its delicate texture, or that it is warped with *thoſe* of his heart? I could grow to my hero like ivy; but like the aſpen-leaf I tremble, like the ſenſitive plant I ſhrink back at thy approach! Thou mayeſt ſwim againſt the ſtream with a crab, feed againſt the wind with the deer, but thou canſt never poſſeſs my heart! Love for him, or grief, are the only paſſions that can fill the heart of Oinamoral! But thou mayeſt go forth in echoing ſteel and increaſe thy glory—or the hearts of a thouſand

* Tonthormid was ſuppoſed wounded by Oſſian.

a thouſand other virgins, will beat an uniſon to thy ſighs, and return thy paſſion!"

Thus ſung the daughter of many iſles; her trembling harp was turned to mourning, and her lute into the voice of them that weep. My heart was never wrought of ſteel, nor hewn out of the rugged pebble; but ſhe would have extracted honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock! My heart was *tender*, though my *arm was ſtrong!* I reſigned her to the man of her ſoul! But I had the ſupreme delight of exhaling the falling tear from the cheek of beauty, as when the pearly dew on the ſurface of the narciſſus, and the ſnow-drop evaporates at the kindly inſtance of the ſolar ray. Had I been deaf to her tale of woe, I ſhould have merited a cold chill to extinguiſh my flame, as if a *thouſand winters* contracted into *one*, ſcattered their ſnow and froze the very centre! No praiſes can be due for refraining from barbarity, unknown till the ſons of refinement came into the world!

Lady Darnley.—A great mind is ever tenacious of even the ſhadow of a favor received, but loſes the idea of a benefit conferred—In what way, O firſt of men! ſhall I welcome thy approach? Wilt thou partake of the feaſt of ſhells, or be honored with the dangers of the chaſe?

Oſſian.——Chaſe was never to me ſuch ſport as the battle of the ſhields! But this is

a tale of the times of old, the deeds of the days of other years; manners alter with times, as the earth by the ſeaſons. Let the ſons of Albion liſten to the voice of Comna, "Never ſearch for battle, nor fear it when it comes."

Oſſian retired, and a hangman from the aſſizes told Lady Darnley, that ſhe had ruined his trade; for, all the poor of the country-ſide being employed in manufactures, &c. they had no inducement to ſteal, theft being the neceſſary conſequence of idleneſs*.

The hangman retired; and Lady Darnley was addreſſed by a few women in tattered robes. Making an apology for their dreſs, they ſaid it was her ladyſhip who had condemned them to thoſe unſeemly garbs. She inquired, In what way ſhe was culpable to them? they anſwered, by not only promoting induſtry, which was highly detrimental to their intereſts, but alſo procuring by her munificence theatrical and other entertainments for mankind, which completed their misfortunes, as it rendered ineffectual their allurements: —that they might formerly (out of the

* In the years 1759 and 1760, when we were at war with France, there were but twenty-nine criminals who ſuffered at Tyburn. In the years 1770 and 1771, when we were at peace with all the world, the criminals condemned amounted to one hundred and fifty-one.

the profits of their industry) have purchased annuities, like other eminent personages in the age, and *lived comfortably on the distresses of others*; but that they had always too much conscience, and too great and generous souls for that:—that they were now reduced to the alternative of removing from that part of the country, or starving where they were; and, preferring the first to the last, they had determined to go to Birmingham, where, under the auspices of the magistrate* of that place, they would have a good chance of succeeding in their profession; as it had always been found that recreations of some kind are necessary, and that if innocent amusements were denied, mankind would have recourse to the other.

The Goddess of Folly, with her cap and bells, approached Lady Darnley, who, smiling, asked her what had procured her the honor of her company? She answered, That being excluded at all other times from these regions, it induced her to come then, where she flattered herself, for one night in her life, not to be ridiculed; as it is only Absurdity that laughs at Folly. Her ladyship replied, That none indeed were entitled to smile at another's weakness, who are conscious of their own.

* Who opposed a licensed theatre there last year.

Miſs Bingley, by her aunt's requeſt, was in the character of a paſtoral ſhepherdeſs, and affected to be vaſtly coy, and a great huntreſs. She ſaid ſhe wielded the crook and the javelin with equal dexterity; and that though ſhe was terrified at the voice or appearance of a lover, yet ſhe made nothing of lopping off the head of a wild boar, or of thruſting a ſpear into the jaws of a lion. She was purſued by (James Mordaunt as) a paſtoral lover. Lady Darnley told her that ſuch ſwains are mighty good natured, and never do any miſchief to any *but themſelves*; a leap from a rock, or a plunge into a river, being their uſual cataſtrophe.

Lord Munſter walked away with Sir Harry Bingley; and ſhewed him, on one of the back grounds a cottage ſimilar to that repreſented in the temple above-mentioned. They advanced, and ſaw Miſs Harris, and her lovely boy playing at her feet. Sir Harry fixed his eyes, and with a peculiar wildneſs exclaimed, Sport not, my friend, with my ſorrows!—Lord Munſter aſſured him of the reality; but he almoſt ſwooned away at the diſcovery, and was perfectly enchanted with his lovely boy. Every explanation taking place to their mutual ſatisfaction, Mr. Burt being in the ſecret, and ſome more friends, the ceremony was immediately performed, and Miſs Harris

was

was introduced that very evening, at Lady Bingley, to the family at Munſter-houſe.

Lord Munſter, leaving this happy pair, joined Lord Sombre; two ladies paſſed by them, one in a habit ſimilar to that Mademoiſelle de Querci had worn at the maſquerade at Venice: the other had aſſumed the figure of Diana. Struck with their majeſtic appearance, they followed them. The maſk of the latter dropped, as if aſhamed to conceal ſo much beauty. Lord Sombre ſtooping, inſtantly reſtored to her the *unfaithful* guardian of her charms. The lady, covered with that agreeable confuſion inherent to the ſex, apologized for the trouble ſhe had given him! He replied, he could not but acknowledge that it was a trouble to him to be the inſtrument of depriving the company of the ſight of ſo much beauty. That, Sir, replied ſhe, may be your opinion; but my intention is to ſee, and *not be ſeen*. But a lady, replied his Lordſhip, who repreſents Diana, would appear more in character if ſhe could conſent not *to be concealed*, nor to hide thoſe beams of brightneſs which were deſigned to be the light of the world. Sir, ſaid ſhe, if I muſt ſupport my character, it is not at all the leſs in my power becauſe my maſk is on, being ſtill the moon though in eclipſe—but my intention of appearing in the character of Diana, was to keep Actæon at a diſtance.

In the mean time Lord Munſter had neither ſeen or heard the above converſation, the whole powers of his ſoul being abſorbed in attention to the lady firſt mentioned. But what were his emotions, when he knew the well known voice of Mademoiſelle de Querci! She told him, that ſhe believed he was the gentleman who was ſtill denominated at Venice *Il Febo del Inghilterra!* He told her, it was impoſſible he could have any pretenſions to ſo flattering a diſtinction; but intreated to know whether he could believe that he had the happineſs of addreſſing the woman he adored, whom from motives of honor he had been induced to ſuppreſs his paſſion for, but which ſcruples on his part he had been relieved from ſince that period; Mademoiſelle de Querci (for it was ſhe herſelf) anſwered, that every apology he could make for his infidelity to the Counteſs de Sons, would only leſſen him in her eſteem, as, to her certain knowledge, ſhe was ſtill ſingle, and fondly attached to him. Had it been otherwiſe (ſaid ſhe) my Lord, I ſhould have chearfully *conſented* to what I muſt now refuſe, as I never will act in oppoſition to the intereſt of the Counteſs. Lord Munſter, flattered at her coming to Munſter-houſe, aſked if ſhe was perfectly ſincere in the favourable hint ſhe had given him—that nothing but his pre-engagements would have prevented her from according herſelf

herſelf to his wiſhes? She anſwered, I deſire, my Lord, you'll not judge me by your country-women; for, from what I have heard of their characters, there is no well-bred woman who ever makes any pretenſions to *ſincerity*. Does not every body ſay what they do not mean, and promiſe what they never intend to perform? and yet all of them, to a ſingle woman, will compliment the juſtneſs of your remarks.——In Italy we are more ſincere; and I now have the honor to aſſure you, that nothing at preſent occupies my thoughts, or intereſts me equal to your fulfilling of your engagements with the Counteſs de Sons, whoſe conſtancy for you demands on your part every return. In ſaying this, a ſigh eſcaped Mademoiſelle de Querci, which took refuge in Lord Munſter's boſom——while her bluſhes raiſed hopes which her tongue denied confirming! Her lover felt a ſevere ſtruggle between love and honor.——The moſt ſevere misfortune to a virtuous man is to be in ſuch a ſtate that he can hardly ſo act as to approve his own conduct. But his diſtraction was increaſed, in finding Mademoiſelle de Querci had taken advantage of his *reverie* to retire, with a compoſure that deceived his vigilance, and an addreſs which prevented his diſtruſt.—He went every where in purſuit of her, but ſhe eluded his ſearch.

A magician

A magician with two enchanted knights addreſſed Lady Eliza, who (I have already obſerved) was dreſſed as a ſlave attending Mrs. Worthy. He told her he would unfold her future fate, and, if ſhe would retire to a place of privacy, he would convince her, and the queen ſhe attended, that he was very well ſkilled in the ſcience of aſtrology. Lord and lady Darnley, Lord Sombre, Lord Munſter, and Mrs. Lee begged leave to accompany them. The two knights accompanied the magician, who he ſaid muſt remain enchanted until they were releaſed by the hands of their fair miſtreſſes. After ſeveral magical incantations, he told Lady Eliza many things concerning the Marquis de Villeroi, and Mrs. Lee of Mr. Villars. But he aſtoniſhed Lord Munſter more particularly in telling him he was a *perplexed lover*——but aſſured him that he would be ſoon relieved from his anxiety; and that perhaps that very evening would terminate his adventures, and render all the preſent company joyful! Could you do this, replied Lord Munſter, I would ſwear you had more wit than Mercury, or his ſon Autolicus who was able to change black into white!

In the mean time two ladies appeared: They were majeſtic in their perſons, and very magnificent in their apparel. The magician, addreſſing himſelf to the company,

pany, ſaid, if it was agreeable he would give them ocular proofs of his art. They anſwered, By all means! He then preſented one of the inchanted knights to lady Eliza, the other to Mrs. Lee, and Lord Munſter to one of the ladies who had juſt appeared (in the mean time Lord Darnley had prevented the admiſſion of other company.)—He then deſired them all to unmaſk. The agreeable diſcovery this produced is not eaſy to give on adequate idea of; as the magician was no other than Mr. Worthy; the enchanted knights, the Marquis de Villeroi, and Mr. Villars; and the Lady Mademoiſelle de Querci.—Mr. Worthy then, addreſſing Lord Munſter, ſaid, Your perplexity, my Lord, now ceaſes.——This Lady is the Counteſs de Sons (whoſe ſmiles confirmed her previous converſation with him that evening:) He made his ſuitable acknowledgements: whilſt Lord Sombre was enchanted to diſcover, in the Counteſs's companion his lovely Diana, who had changed her dreſs, and proved to be Julia, ſiſter to the Marquis de Villeroi, and juſtly admired by all who ſaw her: Her ſhape was as fine as the ſtatue of the Medician Venus, of as fine a complexion as the Leda of Corregio, with a ſweetneſs of expreſſion that would have made Guido paint no other face, if he had been alive.

The

The masquerade finished, which had afforded so much amusement, and conferred so much happiness on the parties. Lady Bingley was received by Lady Darnley with the utmost complacency. It is the imperfection of human goodness to make its conscious worth an argument of want of mercy to those that are deficient: but Lady Darnley had thoroughly studied the most useful of all sciences, human nature, and was ever ready to make allowances for its defects. She was the more attentive to Lady Bingley, on account of her peculiar situation, while in the effusions of her gratitude there was a dignity that commanded as much respect as if she had been conferring a favour beyond that she acknowledged. Her relations, who abandoned her in her adversity —when alone true friendship can prove its superiority over its shadow, worldly civility —were now eager to pay their compliments to her.

Mr. Villars was the only person who appeared unhappy at this time. Mrs. Lee had been hurt at never hearing from him since her husband's death, and was confirmed that his present appearance was occasioned more from a concurrence of circumstances than from his own particular desire or inclination.—It was in vain he urged, that his having absented himself from England was occasioned by her refusing to

see

ſee him previous to her huſband's [illegible] which circumſtance he had been unappri[illegible] of, previous to his meeting the Marquis de Villeroi at Paris.--She anſwered, That he had neither been a lover that had the tenderneſs, nor a friend that had the generoſity to intereſt himſelf for her; though he muſt have been ſenſible of her partiality, from the pains ſhe took to avoid him: --that, concerning the ſtrange event that had occurred relative to her huſband and him, ſhe had never taken any pains to juſtify herſelf, and ſhe thought people in general were to blame that did ſo; for ſatire is generally levelled againſt perſons, not vices, as there are few who with to puniſh what does not put them out of humour, and they make a perſonal affront the pretended defender of virtue. If a woman, therefore, would *preſerve her character*, this is the effectual way *of loſing it*, and if ſhe has *none to preſerve* ſhe need not tell *all the world* ſo. —"But (ſaid ſhe) as I muſt now decline your proffered hand, the offer of which does more honor to your generoſity than the acceptance would to my prudence, I ſhall now diſcloſe my ſentiments to you without any diſguiſe: I was married to a man, whom I could not look up to with a conſciouſneſs of his ſuperior underſtanding or worth; his treatment of me was injurious; my feelings I with difficulty ſuppreſſed: my

quick

apprehenſion of injury, and my partiality for you, made me indulge an inclination that aggravated to me the horrors of my ſituation.—I loved, and was utterly incapable of diveſting myſelf of a paſſion, which, although often dangerous, is always delightful.—I was puniſhed for my temerity; the calumny I met with, I juſtly incurred, from the appearances I had ſubjected myſelf to. When I parted from my huſband, I would on no account ſee you——you went abroad; your caprice now brings you back; you judge it equitable, perhaps, to reſtore me to that world I relinquiſhed on your account—but time has conquered my partiality, and, after my former experience in that ſtate, I cannot help ſhuddering at a contract which nothing can diſſolve but death. To me it is terrible to reflect, that it is a ſtrangely unequal conflict, in which the man only ventures the loſs of a few temporary pleaſures, the woman the loſs of liberty, and almoſt the privilege of opinion.—From the moment ſhe's married ſhe becomes the ſubject of an arbitrary lord; even her children, the mutual pledges of their affection, are abſolutely in his power, and the law countenances him in the uſe of it—and a woman finds no redreſs for the indelicate abuſes of an uncivil, a paſſionate, an avaricious, an inconſtant, or even a drunken huſband—from matrimonial deciſions

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